



The Three Brides
And Other Poems

RENA CARTWRIGHT HOWARD

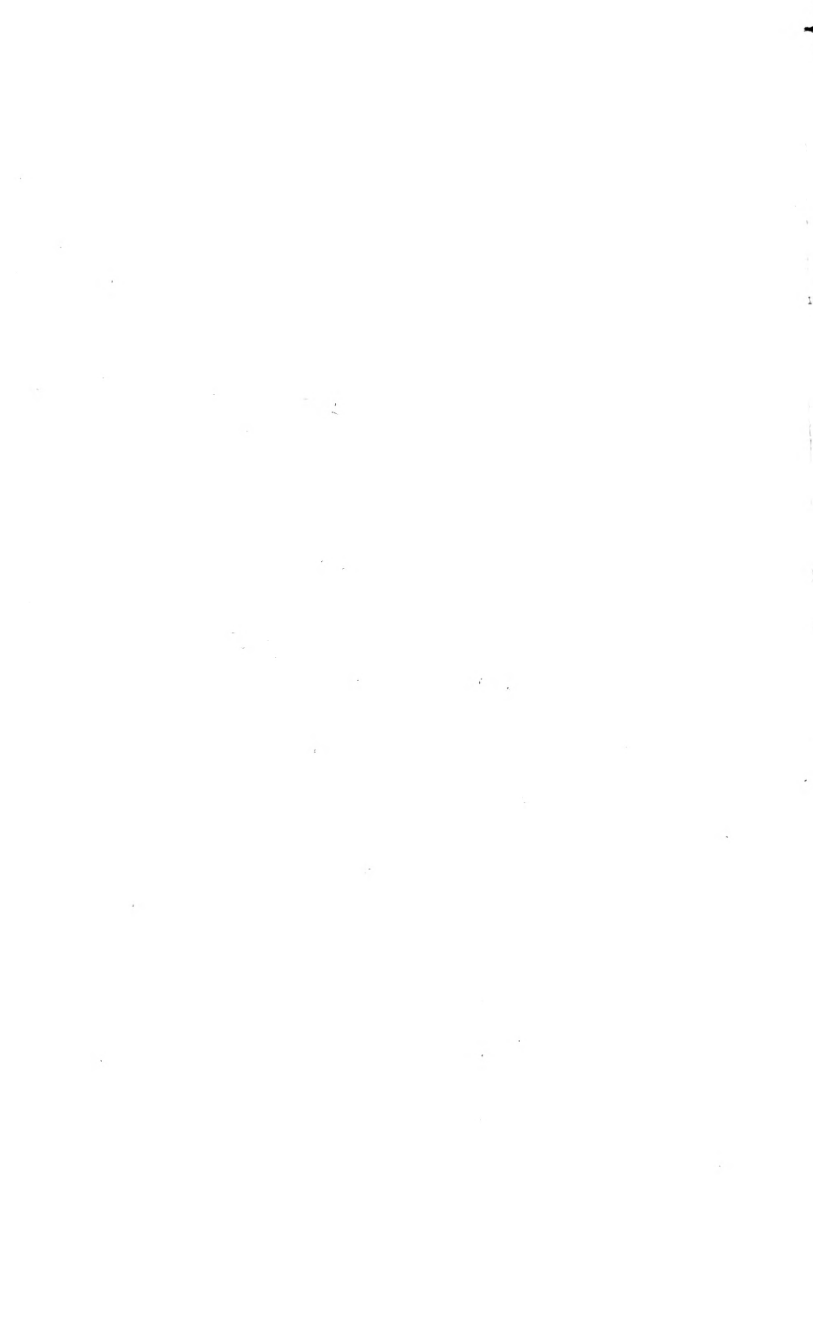


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THE THREE BRIDES
AND OTHER POEMS



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BY
RENA CARTWRIGHT HOWARD



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To My Beloved

AS IN a garden, all untended, wild,
Some flower smiles on you, loved when a child,—
A blue forget-me-not or primrose gay
Abloom beside the vine encumbered way;
So, in this wild of verses, may you find
Some thought or pleasing fancy to remind
You of glad days, ere Time, with onward flow,
Had made of them the days of long ago.

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THE THREE BRIDES.



PEACE smiles on fair Germania's vales
and hills,
The sound of cheerful toil the soft
air fills;
The fragrant, upturned sod proclaims
the hand

That holds the plow rules o'er the happy land;
The keen edged sword now rusts upon the wall—
The bird, perched o'er her nestlings, whose sweet call,
Of "all's well," in bird language, to her mate
Is not in leaf screened safety, more elate
Than she, who, bending o'er her cradled boy,
Dreams of a future full of peace and joy—
Marred by no war's alarms in years to come—
The call of bugle and the roll of drum.

* * * * *

The battle fields are green with springing corn,
And waving gold, where, soon at early morn,
Will speed the reaper for the precious sheaves—
The throstle sings above the cottage eaves.
Beneath that lowly roof are voices heard
More sweet than note of any forest bird;
Groups of fair maidens flit from room to room;
The walls are hid with wreaths of fragrant bloom—
But fairer, sweeter one than all the rest
Is she, who, meekly now at love's behest
Goes o'er the threshold, down the village street
To ancient church the young bridegroom to meet.

Hark to the wedding bells! How sweet the notes
That flow from out the church bells' brazen throats,
And pour a flood of gladsome music down,
O'er mossy roofs, o'er graves and quaint old town;
And forth, now, from the portal, comes the bride
With strong and gallant husband at her side,

And many a garland decks the way between
 The altar and their home, whose walls are seen
 Half hid among a wealth of blossoming bowers,
 In which they hope to spend life's varied hours.

The bells are hushed but on the startled ear
 Fall other sounds that thrill with nameless fear
 Each citizen for in the near by glen
 Is heard the rapid march of armed men,
 And ever and anon a trumpet's blare
 Awakes the slumbering echoes of the air;
 Too soon their arms shine on the great highway—
 Too soon is heard what they have come to say—
 "Ye men of Hesse, it is the duke's decree
 Your young and strong shall go beyond the sea
 To lands that George of England calls his own,
 Whose subjects there rebel against his throne.
 For many a heap of shining English gold
 We go to crush those freemen, brave and bold."

Then, in each home were wailing and distress;
 Sad was each parting and each last caress;
 The mother lived to see her hope and pride
 Torn from his home and from his weeping bride,
 Pressed into service for a distant shore—
 From which shall he return? Ah, nevermore.

* * * *

The light from a hundred windows
 Shone on the stream below,
 That flowed by the walls of a castle
 In that time long ago
 When George the Third of England
 Ruled with a mighty hand,
 That reached out o'er the ocean
 To smite in a distant land.

On the castle's splendid stairway
 Fell the tread of dainty feet,
 In the hall was merry dancing
 To the time of music sweet—

That rose in strains triumphant
Then sank to a mournful cry,
As if a voice prophetic
On the breath of night swept by.

The noblest and the bravest,
The loveliest were there
To honor by their presence
A newly wedded pair—
She in her peerless beauty—
The last of a noble line—
He who by dauntless valor
Had entered Glory's shrine.

His good ship lay at anchor—
Tomorrow, o'er the sea,
He sails by royal mandate
To uphold tyranny
Among a kindred people—
That nation in the West
Whose sons though true and loyal
Will never be oppressed.

Still rises high the music,
Still sinks it low and clear—
Awaked are birds in hedgerows,
From wildwood starts the deer.
Wit, song and silvery laughter
From many a lip doth fall,
But the sorrow of the parting
Casts a shadow over all
And many are the glances
Cast on the trembling bride,
Whose cheeks are growing paler
With the ebbing of the tide,
And in that mystic moment
When night clasps hands with day
He clasps her to his bosom
And from her goes his way.

The stream, today, glides sparkling
The castle walls beside—

So old and gray and stately
Now in their ancient pride;
And strangers now inhabit
The bride's ancestral halls—
Her's is the fairest portrait
Upon those pictured walls,
Where she, among her kindred,
Within that faded room,
Looks down in pride and beauty,
Still in her girlish bloom.

And if were asked the question—
What joy had lady fair?
Then would they point in sadness
Unto a winding stair
That led to loftiest tower
Whose window could command
A view of noble distance
Both on the sea and land—
And tell when time allotted
For her dear lord's return
Had come and gone, the reason
She never seemed to learn—
She, to that lofty window,
Each morning would begin
Her watch out o'er the ocean,
To see his ship come in.

And when the night was stormy
And the waters dark and wild,
When on the beach dashed breakers
Whose crests with foam were piled,
She placed within the window
A light that seemed a star
For miles around the country
And on the sea afar;
And many a lonely sailor
Would bless the lady when
That light gleamed on his pathway
And lit him home again.

And days merged into seasons
 And seasons into years—
 Her form grew worn and wasted—
 Her cheeks were seamed with tears;
 When Death, with sweet compassion,
 Then claimed her for his own—
 She sleeps among her people,
 Beneath the chancel stone.

And yet is told the legend
 Around the cheerful fire,
 When the storm-king rides the billows—
 How some belated squire
 Or boatman on the water
 Has seen from the old tower
 A light gleam through the darkness
 At the weird midnight hour.

* * * *

Where vast forests uplift their tops skyward,
 Where broad rivers wind down to the sea,
 Where the peaks of the mountains pierce cloudland—
 Dwell a people whose names shall yet be
 Enrolled highest among Earth's great nations—
 Oh, Columbia, land heaven blest!

Not the breezes that blow,
 Not the waters that flow
 Are more free than thy sons of the West.

What to them that now over the billows
 Speed the foemen, relentless and stern—
 They may grasp their good weapons more firmly,
 But of fear, they have it yet to learn;
 Comes the Englishman great in his power—
 All must yield and submit to the crown—
 Comes the Hessian who's sold
 By his master for gold
 Which to earn, he must strike freedom down.

But the axe rings no longer in woodland,
 In the field stands forsaken the plow,
 Past are peaceful communings with Nature,
 No true patriot hesitates now.

With stout heart and firm hand he goes forward
From the tyrant his land to redeem,
 With his face to the foe
 His base plans to o'erthrow,
Though his life blood should ebb in a stream.

He would pause only once, in that clearing
Where his home stands, his bride at the door;
A farewell, then no bride but his country
Shall be his till the struggle is o'er;
Not a sigh, not a tear, her devotion
To the cause makes her hopeful and strong—
 “To your duty away,
 I will work, I will pray,
While you go to help right the great wrong.”

Fair and peaceful the scene he is leaving,
His rude cabin festooned with woodbine,
The air filled with the scent of things blossoming—
The rich pink and the sweet eglantine.
In the dim, mossy aisles of the forest
Is heard music of bird chirp and trill—
 Will he ever again,
 In that flowery glen
Walk with her by the murmuring rill?

But, away, the wild bugles are blowing,
For the foe treads American soil—
With his sword and his flintlock he hastens
To confront him in battle's turmoil—
He for home and for liberty striving;
They a King's unjust cause to maintain—
 Will he conquer or yield
 On the grim battlefield—
Will his standard be cherished in vain?

A reply from the Delaware's ripples,
From the low grassy mounds at White Plains;
From the breezes that whisper o'er Monmouth,
Valley Forge speaks through the blood stains
Of her footprints and Lexington answers

By the dust of all heroes who fell
 From the palm to the pine,
 From the creek Brandywine
To the Hudson—all bear witness well.

How the banner was borne through the conflict
With a heroism earnest and true—
It had caught from the skies of the morning
Its fair tints of cerulean hue,
And upon its bright folds dyed in crimson,
Its defenders their best blood had shed—
Seeking freedom through wild fields of carnage
 And the victory came
 In fair Liberty's name,
Independence the spirit that led.

And, today, the old flag just as proudly
Flings its clustering stars to the breeze—
A great nation secure 'neath its shadow,
Its bright colors illuming the seas;
And the bride who had hoped and had waited,
The descent of the Angel of Peace,
 Saw her children of worth
 In the land of their birth,
Where a love for the flag shall ne'er cease.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS JUNE.

Weave garlands, bright garlands to twine 'round the
 brow
Of Summer, who comes in her loveliness now;
Ye gaily plumed songsters, ring out your wild glees,
And join in the chorus ye tall, waving trees;
While rill in the valley and stream on the plain
Come, mingle together your sweetest refrain—
For Heaven has granted to us this great boon
The return of the glorious season of June—
The first born of Summer, the beautiful June.

The fingers of angels have labored unseen
To deck the glad earth for the beauteous queen,

Who comes in the grace of a sweet regal pride,
And strews choicest blessings o'er earth far and wide—
An arch they've thrown o'er her of Heaven's own blue;
They've scattered beneath her the emblems so true,
Of all that is good in these natures of ours—
The lowly, the gentle, the beautiful flowers—
These thoughts of our Maker, the wonderful flowers.

The prince, at her coming, descends from his throne
And goes forth to greet her with welcoming tone;
The children at play, 'round the door of their home
Forget their gay sports and their playmates to roam
With her o'er the meadows and through the wild dell,
Where trailing arbutus and meek daisies dwell.
The bird song grows sweeter, the clouds cease to weep,
The stars in the heavens ne'er slumber nor sleep—
Those "angels' forget-me-nots" never then sleep.

Now, the year has attained its full measure of bliss—
For what other season so lovely as this?
Day lingers as loth to depart from the place,
Where dwells such perfection of beauty and grace.
The soft air is freighted with sweetest perfume,
That's wafted from bowers where roses red bloom;
In forest is heard the melodious voice
Of wild birds that there with all nature rejoice—
We, too, with the birds and all nature rejoice.

But, whisperings come and remind us too soon
It cannot be always the season of June;
For, soon, she will flee, a sweet vision from sight,
And pass through the gates of eternal delight;
The pattering raindrops will sound her sad knell,
And zephyrs will whisper a mournful farewell,
While Ceres will come in her poppy hued crown,
And pour from her chariot rich peace offerings down—
Rich fruitage and grain, then, will Ceres pour down.

Now, sunbeams descend, like arrows so keen,
On city, on hamlet and valley between.
Bright mantles for berries they skillfully weave,
And on the round apple warm kisses they leave;

On green, sloping hillside reposes the flock,
The traveler seeks the cool shade of the rock,
The song of the reaper is heard in the land,
While Peace and rich Plenty pass by hand in hand;
Youths, ever so happy, are dancing in tune
Beneath the bright rays of the full harvest moon—
Are joyfully dancing beneath the bright moon.

Now, Sirius hovers o'er hill and o'er plain
And eagerly drinks of the dew and the rain,
Until the whole Earth cries out in her grief,
That freshness and beauty should be all so brief.
The fields, in the sunlight, lie naked and bare,
All shorn of the strength of their bright golden hair;
The bee hums in vain, for the clover's red bloom,
The whistle of blackbird alone breaks the gloom—
Thus, Sirius shrouds the whole Earth with his gloom.

The voice, now, of Autumn is borne on the gale,
The tread of his feet is now heard in the vale.
He cometh arrayed in most beautiful guise,
With tintings and colors he caught from the skies,
Where rainbow hued clouds smile down on the earth,
Rejoicing again in its gladness and mirth;
For Autumn, like Bacchus, comes wreathed with the
 vine,
And drenches the earth with fresh, sparkling wine—
The tears of the grape, the purple hued wine.

But, that which is brightest is soonest to fade,
Nor e'en can the beauties of Autumn be stayed.
The nuts rattle down on the dead, rustling leaves,
While Nature all blighted so mournfully grieves.
For storm clouds arise and shadows grow long,
And there's not e'en heard the faint note of a song.
For the birds have all gone where the warm breezes
 sigh,
Where Apollo hastes not in his car through the sky—
Where the Day King holds longer his reign in the sky.

Another brief season—a smile from the past—
A prelude too sweet for the cold, wintry blast—

'Tis Indian Summer, the pearl of the year,
Who decks with new beauty the earth brown and
 sere;
Her beautiful banner she waves in the air—
But, ah, she's as fleeting as wondrously fair,
For the scepter of Winter breaks the magical spell,
And winds from the Northland her mournful fate tell—
"She's dead at his feet" the wild winds do tell.

King Winter holds court where the flowers lie low,
All hidden beneath the white pinioned snow,
That seemeth a messenger toward the earth driven,
To tell of the pureness and peace of high Heaven.
The ice, 'mid the pine trees, like rich jewels gleams,
While fettered and still are the once laughing streams.
The Earth once made glad by the Summer's warm
 breath
Lies shrouded and cold in the arms of stern death—
The earth and the year sleep together in death.

'Tis not only in Nature that Time worketh change,
But in our own lives, in our hearts far more strange;
For, again, in the year's circling round will appear
The merry, young springtime and blossoms of cheer;
But humanity robbed of its beauty and bloom
Will never regain them this side of the tomb.
Then brightest of roses and myrtle entwine,
Oh, youth, 'round that radiant forehead of thine;
Thy steps, with thy quick beating heart throbs keep
 tune,
For life is not ever one bright day of June—
Thou'lt find other days than the glad days of June.

Oh, Earth is most fair in the morning of life,
Before comes the noontide of sorrow and strife;
We walk in the valley where soft shadows play,
Where flowers of love and of joy deck the way,
Where the bright birds of hope fill the air with their
 song
And echoes from fancy the sweet strains prolong:
Where the sky seems a mirror of beauty and truth,

Reflecting the visions and hopes of gay youth—
The dreams and the wishes and fancies of youth.

The path grows more rugged, the shadows more deep,
New aims and new purposes in our lives creep
As the years come and go, fraught with pleasure and
 pain,
With happy endeavor and labor in vain;
The day dreams of youth we have left them behind,
Realities now, are more clearly defined;
The harvest of honor and fame gleameth white —
Up, reaper, bring sheaves before cometh the night—
Up, gleaner, seek grains ere the dark shades of night.

It mattereth not though the thorns pierce our feet,
That, weary and faint, we toil on in the heat;
We heed not the burdens that come with the years,
The gloomy forebodings, the sighs and the tears—
From sheaves of fair Honor we'll fashion a crown,
We'll garner the golden hued grains of renown—
We'll gather, 'mid leaves, where sweet blossoms were
 rife
Rich fruitage to gladden the Autumn of life—
Sheaves, grain and rich fruit for the Autumn of life.

But why does the path, now, grow dim to our sight?
Why is it that pleasures no longer delight?
Whence cometh the frost that now gleams in our hair?
These wrinkles that furrow our brows once so fair?
The Angel of Time hath the victory won
And the winter of life hath sadly begun,
But white winged Peace broodeth over the gloom
And Hope sings of blessings beyond the cold tomb--
Of a fair land of promise beyond the dark tomb.

That land must be fair where cometh no night,
Where sickness and sorrow ne'er enter to blight,
Where all is illumined by light from the throne,
Where reigneth our Father, in glory alone;
Where the streets are of gold, where each pearly gate
Shall never be opened to Death nor to Hate;

For the rivers of Life, bearing blossoms of love
Wind through the fair valleys of Heaven above—
Wind o'er the bright plains of sweet Heaven above.

There, never again will our eyes become dim,
For tears cannot fall in the presence of Him
Who left the bright shores of His heavenly home,
To take up our burdens, o'er life paths to roam,
There, never again will snows whiten our hair
For storm clouds ne'er darken those skies ever fair;
Time, there, writes no wrinkles on brow or on heart,
For time of Eternity formeth no part;
But, 'mong the glad angels, our harps we'll attune
To breezes that whisper forever of June—
For in Heaven, 'tis always the season of June.

THE RAIN.

The mist of the Kuro Siwo
Had waited many a day,
In a palace, high in cloudland,
For envoys to come that way,
From Phoebus and Eolus
To plan the next campaign
For the benefit of mortals
Petitioning for rain.

But the hosts of the sun were toiling
Like a multitude of slaves,
And the winds were soundly sleeping,
Deep down in ocean's caves;
Unheard was the mist's upbraiding,
Unheeded was mortal's prayer—
They obey but the voice of nature—
These powers of the air.

In vain was the horizon
Scanned by many an anxious eye,
For the sight of some tardy rain cloud,
Appearing in the sky;

Still the hot air drank the freshness
Of forest, field and glen—
The dust lay thick on the highways—
Hope died in the hearts of men.

The grasses were dead on the hillside,
The seed lay unchanged in the earth,
The streams were dry in the valleys,
Naught of melody or of mirth
Remained with child or with bird—
E'en the cattle had the fear
That dwelt in the breasts of their masters—
That famine was drawing near.

At last in convention assembled,
Were the envoys of wind and sun,
With the mist in the snow white palace
Who greeted them every one.
They knew that the need was urgent,
And soon was heard the command
To march with the crystal fountains,
To the parched and thirsty land.

First came an army of sunbeams—
A gloriously beautiful throng—
With lances and golden banners—
Ten hundred thousand strong—
Then came the wind's outriders,
Whose bugle and trumpet's blare—
With the chariot wheels advancing—
Woke the echoes of the air.

Drawn by the swiftest coursers
Of the vast, aerial plain—
On the jeweled seat of honor—
Rode the mist, and not in vain—
For the treasures of rain were scattered,
In warm and copious showers,
On city, on farm and woodland,
On the dying grass and flowers.

With a pour, a splash and a patter,
 With a drip, a skip and a bound,
With a rush, a roar and a rattle,
 It fell on the feverish ground,
That drank of each shining globule,
 With a joy but half expressed,
For the seeds and tiny rootlets,
 Within its ample breast.

Then the sunbeams stacked their weapons,
 Their golden banners furled,
Fell back all in good order,
 On the rim of the outer world;
While the winds attuned their voices
 To that of the playful breeze,
That tossed the liquid diamonds
 From the over freighted trees.

And to the brook's low murmur,
 As it bounded on with glee,
Rejoicing in its freedom,
 To the calm and smiling sea.
But the mist rode on triumphant,
 Still scattering the raindrops down
On upland, lane and valley,
 On the slopes of the busy town—
With a dash, a song and a gurgle—
 Now rapid and now slow,
Until the western heavens
 Grew bright with a ruddy glow.

A signal for sunbeams returning,
 With their lances bright and keen,
To trace on the clouds a rainbow,
 The heavens and earth between;
For all mankind a token
 To behold through happy tears,
And know that the Lord of the Seasons
 Is the same through the passing years.

To know that He sendeth the treasures
 Of rain, of snow and of hail;

That His promise of the seedtime,
And of harvest shall not fail;
That the choicest of all His blessings
He sendeth from above,
In the sunlight of His mercy,
And the rainbow of His love.

THE VIOLET.

Half hidden in a wealth of leaves,
The modest violets lie,
Perfuming every passing breeze—
Blue as the bending sky,
Protected from the day's hot glare,
Content to dwell unseen
In some secluded, shaded nook,
Unknown to flower queen.

The fair, white lilies nod and smile
On stems erect and tall,
And fragrant roses, red and white,
Bloom on the garden wall;
Carnations stand in lovely guise
Of colors rich and rare,
And scatter spicy scents in clouds
Of incense on the air.
Carnation, rose or lily fair,
Possesses not the power
To please with all its varied charms,
As the sweet violet flower.

When some wild storm casts them to earth,
Or falls the dashing rain,
More sweet the odors they exhale—
A recompense for pain.

Oft viewing them the years unroll,
And a vision will arise
Of a half shy and graceful girl,
With tender violet eyes,

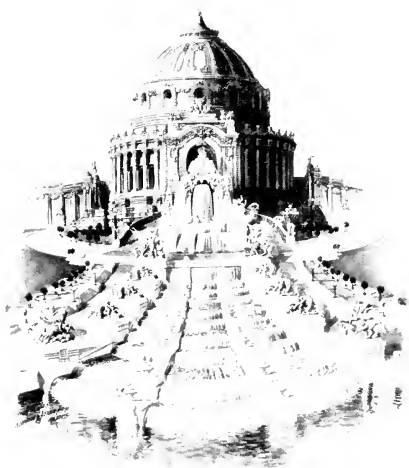
Within a farmhouse, white and high,
Among the orchard trees,
Where, through the golden summer days,
Are heard the birds and bees;
Where meadows stretch their verdant lengths.
E'en to the forest wild;
Where th' dogwood blooms by rugged paths,
Oft trodden when a child.

And yet she dwells amid these scenes,
Unmindful of the show
And glitter of a noisy world—
The surging to and fro
Of restless crowds; her heart attuned
To Nature's moods; her ear
Hears music in its varied themes,
Not all the world can hear.

When storms of grief swept o'er her path,
With harsh and sullen roar,
More fragrant seemed her gentle life,
Than it had been before;
And so it seemeth not unmeet
When violets I see,
To think of that far distant friend,
So near in memory.

WORDS OF WELCOME TO THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

Thrice welcome to these shores, ye of the big round
earth,
Bound to us by the ties of sisterhood.
We deem it a high honor thus to greet
The representatives of every land,
The Old World culture, in its fairest forms,
Come to adorn and learn the customs of the New.
But task more pleasing still is it to note
The touch of sympathy, that, like a thread of gold,
Runs through the nature of all womankind—
Soft as a rose leaf, strong as band of steel,
Possessing power that can sway a world.



Ye, from that Northland where the icy seas
Reflect the splendor of the Northern Lights,
And Summer chants her tuneful threnodies
Beneath a midnight sun, will marvel at the scenes
Ye here behold—not least among them all—
The fruits and flowers of a genial clime,
Scenes, that, in years to come, surrounded by loved
ones,
Will form the theme of many a fireside tale,
When the white winter sleeps outside your doors.

Ye, who, in childhood, searched for eidelweiss
By Alpine glacier, and have watched the sunlight glow
And fade upon the Matterhorn, will find
Here scenes, sublime and beautiful, as in
Your native land—of lofty mountain and
Of crystal lake, set deep amid the hills,
Of rocky gorge and swiftly flowing stream;
And who can tell? If from those hymns of freedom
that
Your fathers sang, that echoed 'mid the crags—
E'en to the stars, the spirit did not find
Its way across the sea to be enshrined
Within the heart of this young nation that
Desired so to be free—whose symbol is
The statue standing at our outer gates
Of Liberty Enlightening the World.

A gift from your brave people, daughters of France,
Who, from your sunny vales, now tread the soil
Your fathers trod, when, in that anxious time,
They shoulder stood to shoulder with our own
On many a battlefield, to gain, for aye,
The independence that we now enjoy;
And thus it is that France is held so dear.

Across the centuries, are seen three small,
Frail ships, the guiding star of Destiny
Their goal, that stood above the shores of wild
America. A gentle woman sent them on
Their way; and, in her name, we greet you from
That Spain, whose ships were first to turn their prows

Toward the New World, whose soldiers, with
Their swords, carved out new empires, and whose
priests
Were first to tell the story of the Cross
From Mississippi's flood e'en to the Western Sea.

Ye from those lands where once a Plato taught
And Virgil sang will here behold works wrought
With chisel, brush and pen, that well compare
With the old masters; and, perchance, the source
Of inspiration was the same. Where Mount
Olympus frowns, by Arno's laughing wave,
In old cathedrals, where soft music floats
Through dim recesses and the pictured saints
Look down as if to bless; in palaces
That gleam, in pristine beauty, 'neath the moon's
Soft rays, though carved by hands that have been dust
For ages; in whose gardens roses hold
High carnival throughout the year; and where
The nightingale trills forth its song through all
The lonely hours—all set in sapphire frame
Of sky above and of the sea around.

We hear the music of the English tongue
And know that, o'er the sea, has England sent
Some worthy guests. 'Tis said of some of those
Who tarry long in foreign lands that when they see
Their country's banner floating in the breeze, or hear
The accents of their native land, they weep for joy—
'Tis thus the heart is loyal to its own.
You will observe, the babe, reared on th' Atlantic
shore,
Whose lullaby was sound of breakers wild,
Whose playground was the wood where Indians
roamed,
Has outgrown his environments and has
Become the Giant of the West, but, yet,
With reverence for the stock from which he sprang.

Ye sisters of the Southland, whose republics lie
By mighty streams, shadowed by mountains grand,

Within whose breasts lie treasures inexhaustible,
You, yet, are unaware of your great strength.
You will be great in that good time when church
And schoolhouse dot more thickly all your vales.
Take back this lesson learned 'neath bleaker skies
That knowledge is a power and that toil
Brings its reward to those who bravely strive.

Ye, from those isles, that are as emeralds
Upon a shining sea, let not the visions of
Palm shaded homes and tropic afternoons
Mar your enjoyment of these surging crowds,
The stir and bustle in the marts of trade,
The active movement, born of Northern blood.
Though ruder sounds you hear than lap of waves
Or music floating o'er a moonlit sea,
Yet you catch glimpses of progressive life
And ne'er again will the world seem so small.

In this great city, the fair Mecca now,
Toward which all eyes are turned, all footsteps tend,
Are seen the products of all lands beneath the sun—
Something delightful to each taste and mind—
For princess, who has left her pomp behind,
Well knowing, that, in this land, all are queens;
For peasant, leading by the hand, perchance,
Some young Columbus in the realms of thought.
You view with pride the works of women shown
On every hand, the product of skilled fingers and
Of subtle brain. But these are silent witnesses—
Seek out the homes of this great people if
You would but learn the secret of their strength;
There, whether 'neath some vaulted city roof
Or, in some humble cabin on the plain,
You see the women wield an influence
More potent than the ballot and more pure.

They are the household angels, at whose knees,
Their children learn to tread in Honor's way.
Full many a precept falls on stony ground;
But, oft, in after years, some half forgotten word

Will touch the erring one and bring him back ;
And, thus, the seed will bear fruit after all.

With love and tenderness, like to Cornelia's, they,
Too, can exclaim, with equal pride, "These are
My jewels." Thinking not of self, each wish
Subservient to the welfare of loved ones,
Until, with Spartan firmness, they are sent
To battle with the world—this work performed,
They can lie down in peace to their last sleep.

Not here alone, but other lands, as well,
Attest the power of woman's guiding hand.
In the gay circle, you have seen her wit
And grace shine like a star, her beauty pave
The way to proudest courts and homage win.
Queen of a realm, or, peasant of the field,
Home is her refuge and her loving pride.
Her ministrations and her words of cheer
Illumine life's dark places—though each deed be small—
But is not life made up of little things?

Ye, who have homes, so distant and so dear,
How oft do visions of them rise amid
These brilliant scenes—perchance, some castle gray,
Some sunny garden where the children play,
Or cheery room, where, when the shadows fall
The loved ones gather and who sigh as they
Glance toward a vacant chair. When weary of
This ebb and flow of human tides, of foreign speech
And faces, may the winds and waves be kind
And waft you safely to your shores again.

CHANGES.

Happy, laughing Mabel Lee,
Busy in the meadow
Weaving daisy garlands rare
'Neath the elm tree's shadow;
Bathing, now, her dimpled feet

Down among the rushes,
Crimsoning lips and finger tips
With the berries' blushes,
Mocking a blue bird's roundelay—
Sleeping, at last, on the fragrant hay.

Lovely, graceful Mabel Lee
Singing in the gloaming;
Heart with lover far away
O'er the blue sea roaming:
"White winged ship, bear o'er the sea
Him of noble daring—
Bring him safely back to me
Whose ring, as pledge, am wearing."
Sang she, weaving a garland rare—
Hope and love were the flowers there.

Fair and stately Mabel Lee
At the altar kneeling,
Bridal veil and orange flowers
Not wholly concealing
Marks of care on cheek and brow;
Why this old man at her side?
Where her youthful lover?
Over loveless marriage vows
Angry skies will hover;
Ah, the story sad and old—
Love exchanged for shining gold.

Broken hearted Mabel Lee
In her grave lies sleeping,
Where the elm tree's aged boughs,
O'er her, watch is keeping.
Weary was she of the world,
Of its pride and splendor;
Longed she for her childhood's heart—
Innocent and tender;
Glad when Death's call came at last
And life's troubled scenes were past.

HEED THAT CRY.

Heed that cry
The wind is bearing by
Of that mother kneeling there,
In the anguish of despair,
By the bedside of her boy—
Once her comfort, pride and joy;
Sleeping now, the drunkard's sleep—
Is it strange that she should weep?
Brush the curls back from his brow,
Truth and thought once reigned there; now
Drunkenness hath marred each grace
Graven on that boyish face.

Heed that cry,
Mingled moan and sigh.
Pitiful to look upon
Is that woman—hope all gone—
Stricken down by Sorrow's hand;
Once the happiest in the land.
Then, for her, life's blossoms sweet
Bloomed in beauty at her feet;
Then, for her, no day too long,
Bright with sunshine and with song.
Now, furrowed cheek and silvered hair
Are her's as by the hearthstone there,
She sits alone—a drunkard's wife—
And mourneth o'er a ruined life.

Heed that cry,
Where the shadows lie
Darkly on a ruined home—
Saddest sight, 'neath heaven's dome.
Oh, the dreadful curse of drink!
See the little children shrink,
Hearken to their tones of fear,
As their father draweth near.
Oh, how can he thus bestow
Such a heritage of woe—
Every dire calamity

Following in rum's dread wake—
Can he not for them forsake
The artful and enticing snare
Set within that barroom there.

Heed that cry
Filling earth and sky.
Where arise dark prison walls,
Where the gloom of almshouse falls,
Where want, sorrow and vice meet
In alley and in squalid street—
A cry goes forth for purer laws—
For helpers in the temperance cause
To turn aside the deadly cup
And lift frail human nature up,
Up to a higher, nobler plane.
Then will the dark and grievous stain
Of drunkenness be soon effaced
And the abodes of crime laid waste.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

The sun sinks in the West
And shadows deeper grow;
Upon the lake's calm breast
There lies a crimson glow
From sunset clouds that gleam,
Dissolve and fade away;
As fades the last faint beam
Of the departing day.

The plain lies dark and still,
Hushed is its busy life;
On mountain side and hill
Are light and shade in strife;
But where the heights appear
To touch the bending skies
The sunlight shineth clear;
Then, it, too, fades and dies.

And Night, with ebon wings,
Descends upon the earth;
No more the woodland rings
With music, or, with mirth
The fields, where children played.
The whippoorwill's wild plaint
Ceased with the twilight shade.
The owl, without restraint,
Hoots through the forest aisle,
Disturbing, in their nest,
The prey it would beguile,
That chirp a faint protest.

The night birds, as they pass,
Where Katydid denies,
With insects in the grass,
Make shrill and vague replies;
The watchdog, at the farm,
Sends out upon the air
His bay, as if from harm
To keep the sleepers there.

The tireless, iron steed
Of single, fiery eye,
With swift, impetuous speed,
Goes, with his burden, by,
Of precious, human souls
Beneath the night's dark frown—
A wave of light, it rolls
On to the sleeping town.

A sob comes from the sea,
The wind sighs in the pine;
A wondrous minstrelsy,
From where wild roses twine
Within a rocky dell,
Is wafted by the breeze—
Of waterfalls, that tell
To all the whispering trees,
Of a brook's laughing flow;
Upon whose mossy brink,

Where purple violets blow,
Wild creatures come to drink.

Forth from that lofty tower
The bells ring out the time
Of midnight's solemn hour—
What sweetness in their chime!
By the free night wind borne
O'er halls where feasts are spread,
O'er homes whose inmates mourn,
O'er cities of the dead.

These know not hope or fear,
These feel not joy or pain;
On dull, unheeding ear
Time's message rings in vain.
Dear, silent ones, who sleep
In graves out there alone,
Where stars their vigils keep,
Ye cannot hear the moan
Of anguish at our loss,
Ye cannot see the tears
That fall, or know the cross
Borne for you, through the years.

And, thou, dear, restless one,
Roaming the wide world o'er—
Somewhere beneath the sun;
How can we shut the door
And leave thee there without—
Perchance, where billows rage;
Oh, ever thus in doubt —
Unrest thy heritage.

Will e'er desire to roam
Yield to a safe return?
Will e'er the lights of home,
In welcome, brightly burn?
The wind sounds like a wail
Wrung from the breast of Night,

And, on the rising gale,
The clouds speed in their flight
Across the fields on high;
And hidden is each star
Behind a blackening sky—
The thunder peals from far.

And, now, the dashing rain
Makes music all its own
On roof and window pane—
A pleasing monotone;
Until there cometh peace
To sky and wind and wave,
As Nature bids them cease
To silence, deep and grave.

LET THE BLESSED SUNSHINE IN.

Open windows and the doors—
Let the blessed sunshine in.
What, though, on rich plush it pours;
Let the 'brodered roses pale
'Neath the sunlight's ardent gaze
Rather than your own should fail,
Lacking its health giving rays;
Would you well the day begin—
Let the blessed sunshine in.

Open th' windows of your soul—
Let the blessed sunshine in.
Then, the mists will there unroll,
Shone on by the light of truth;
Scattered will be doubts and fears;
Th' fountain of eternal youth
You will drink from through the years.
To be true and free from sin
Let the blessed sunshine in.

Find your way to people's hearts —
Let the blessed sunshine in;
Wounded by the world's keen darts—
Light those on their rugged way
Who are suffering from defeat,
Wait not for their funeral day
To say something kind and sweet—
Say it now—just now begin—
Let the blessed sunshine in.

TO BE CONTENT.

Learn, thou, to be content
 Oh, Soul,
 To be content.
Behold the matchless skies,
The hills that proudly rise
Beyond the vale, that lies
A green and shining gem
In Nature's diadem;
The blue, tempestuous sea,
The soft winds, blowing free—
All, all were made for thee—
 From Heaven sent,
 Thy own fair goal;
Then learn to be content
 Oh, Soul,
 To be content.

Learn, thou, to be content
 Oh, Soul,
 To be content.
What, though, no palace fair,
No jewels, rich and rare,
Nor wealth beyond compare
Thou e'er can'st call thine own—
Poor art thou and unknown;
While, some, great deeds have done,

Some, wealth and glory won,
 While thy name, there are none,
 Through years well spent
 To write it on Fame's scroll;
 Yet, still, be thou content
 Oh, Soul,
 Be thou content.

Strive, thou, to be content
 Oh, Soul,
 To be content.
 If thou hast humble cot
 In some secluded spot—
 How happy is thy lot!
 There 'mid loved ones and flowers
 To pass the fragrant hours.
 Away from Envy's dart,
 Away from Pride's keen smart;
 To the world weary heart
 Blest banishment.
 The years will roll
 Too soon in sweet content,
 Oh, Soul,
 In sweet content.

THE DEBTOR'S PRISON.

One ray of sunlight stole through dungeon grim
 And lit a pathway to a corner dim,
 Where, on a rugged couch, an old man lay,
 Shut out from hope and the sweet light of day.
 Something there was, both in his face and mien,
 Which told of better days that he had seen.
 His thoughtful brow bore not the mark of Cain,
 His toil worn hands of crime betrayed no stain—
 Then, why, in this broad country of the free
 Was this old man deprived of liberty?
 List to his words and then deplore the times
 When prisons yawn for men unstained by crimes.

“In my young manhood, heart and hope beat high,
No cloud bedimmed the brightness of my sky;
Health waited on me; friends on every side—
My wife and children dear—our home my pride.
Prosperity was mine and toil was sweet;
I smoothed life's rugged ways for th' helpless feet
Of those whose wants more numerous became,
As each succeeding year, the vital flame
Sank lower in my breast, until the day
When strength was gone and riches sped away.
Then, friends forsook me and misfortune's train
Of evil spectres—sorrow, want and pain,
Surrounded me—they followed to the tomb
My loved ones, and, 'mid gathering gloom,
That thickened 'round and o'er me like a pall,
Heard clang of prison gates—chief woe of all.”

“Why should I grieve? How rich we mortals are
When Thought can travel to the farthest star
And people vast immensities of space,
And in all Nature's works a system trace.
What terrors should have bolts and bars for me
When, soon, the glories of Eternity
Shall break upon my vision, and the shore
Be reached, where loved ones gone before
Shall meet me with glad welcomings, and youth
And love be mine in the fair realms of Truth.
My greatest sorrow and sincerest care
Are for those, who my dreary prison share.”

“There is immured within these gloomy walls
A youth on whom no shadow of crime falls,
Save that he spent a fortune recklessly,
Fell into debt—of bitter penury
He drank the dregs where once was sweet delight;
Life's rosy morn sunk into darkest night.
The law condemns him to an idler's fate
When his strong arm is needed by the State.

Thus his young manhood and his sturdy health
Become a tax upon the Commonwealth;
While, criminals, with lives of blackest dye
Walk forth, untrammelled, 'neath the open sky.'

"There is, so near that I can hear her weep
Through the long hours, when the sweet balm of sleep
Consoles me not, a woman young and fair—
Her sobs sound weirdly on the midnight air;
Incurring debt for sake of great display,
Has brought her to a narrow cell today.
How could she think that dress would make amends
For home's sweet scenes and love of humble friends;
That silks and laces fair could heal the smart
Made by her folly, on each trusting heart.
But, still, the Law's arm falls too heavily
On one whose greatest crime is vanity."

"In the new Century's enlightening beams"—
What have I done that sleep should bring such
dreams?

The youth, the maiden and the man of years
Pass in the night, with all their hopes and fears.
The hearth is cold, the lights are burning low.
Within the room, strange shadows come and go;
My hand clasps yet the paper—the sole cause
Of visions wild and new; strange code of laws,
Wove in the tangled fancies of my brain,
At intervals, when will had ceased to reign;
A plea from creditors, in sore distress,
The Legislature asking for redress
Of grievances from that great debtor band,
That prey, like harpies, on a generous land.

BURIED ALIVE.

Oh, for the power to utter a cry
That might be heard by the passers by
Gazing, perhaps, at the crape on the door—
The look of gladness their faces wore

Saddened by the emblem that doth remind
Of the common fate of all mankind.
Like the roar of waves come the sounds of the street,
Soft blows the west wind with fragrance sweet;
Through the rooms, to and fro, with faltering tread,
Go loved ones mourning me as one dead;
Kneeling beside me in grief and in pain,
Calling my name, alas, calling in vain—
Could I but move the one breadth of a hair
Would not their loving eyes note the change there?

Tenderly, gentle hands now my form place,
Within a casket's abhorred embrace;
Can it be, can it be, this is my doom
To be borne conscious to the dark tomb!
Hark to the sobs and the songs rising clear—
The hymns I best love falling sweet on the ear.

Over the threshold they bear me away—
Th' threshold, it seems but as yesterday,
I passed o'er radiant with hope and with health;
The future made golden by love's promised wealth
To be gleaned from the harvests whose seeds I had
sown—

That future now reaching out, dreary and lone,
Limited by the small space of a grave,
For the rain to fall on and the grasses to wave
O'er it, with only the angels to know
Th' secret grim, hid in the mold below.

Winds the procession with scarcely a sound
Through the streets on to the hallowed ground,
To whose portals are borne the fairest and best;
Foes, here, as comrades now tranquilly rest;
Friends, whom I love, to whom I am dear
Will you, deluded, thus leave me here?
Oh, for the time coming when science will take
Measures preventing such fatal mistake.

Down, down they lower me to my last sleep;
Dear friends, good reason you have to weep.
The scent of the roses oppresses the air—
Stifling me, th' clods fall—oh, black despair!

Heard ye that cry piercing the air of night,
A cry of horror and wild affright?
Borne from a beautiful, dimly lit room,
Whose air is heavy with rich perfume
Of the sweet violet, lily and rose;
Where lies a fair dreamer in th' dread throes
Of a dream, that in such an air doth thrive—
A dream of being buried alive.

WAITING.

I have smoothed my wayward tresses
And bound them back with blue,
And have fastened at belt and on bosom
Rosebuds, damp with the evening dew;
And now I am waiting for him,
But for him, the one truest and best
Of men, who, loving one woman,
Pays due homage to all the rest.

How serenely sweet and how pleasant
The hour and the dim lighted room;
The south wind merely stirring the curtains
And wafting in breaths of perfume
From the garden where the sweet honeysuckle
Bendeth low to the meek mignonette,
And the old fashioned pinks and the roses
Fill with beauty the place they are set.

A June night flooded with moonlight!
A woman's heart flooded with love!
The bird's have ceased twittering their vespers
In the green, swaying branches above
And the great world is hushed into silence—
The turmoil of the day is now o'er,
And strong Labor sitteth aweary,
'Neath the vines of his cottage door.

Hark, a footfall now sounds in the distance—
Far adown the long village street—
A familiar step, eager and manly,
That my heart goeth forth to meet.
If a thousand feet passed on the pavement—
Only heard but unseen by the eye
And the step that I hear were among them
I would know that my lover went by.

Or, if I were by Como's bright waters,
Dreaming all the long summer day,
At the faintest sound of that footfall
All my dreams would vanish away;
He is coming, the gate latch is lifted
And the tall grasses bend 'neath his tread,
And the elm trees are whispering the secret—
"By the spirit of love he is led."

A low knock at the door—he is coming,
E'en my pulses well know who is there;
Tide of crimson, flow back to your fountains,
For my face, I would fain have you fair.
I will go to the door to receive him—
Oh, my heart, what is this I behold!
"Miss, if you've any scraps left from your supper,
Sure, to ask them of you I'll make bold."

OLD LETTERS.

The Day, with its golden shuttle,
Had woven a curtain fair
To hang in the western gateway—
A beauteous picture there;
Its colors, now, half hidden
By the night mists sweeping down,
Through which the fire flies glimmer
And the lights of the distant town.

Deep gloom enshrouds the valley—
Like a pall, hangs o'er the sea;
And the shadows of the night-time
In my soul find sympathy;
As the Past, for the fleeting Present,
Lights a torch to reveal the years,
And the faces of friends long vanished,
Last seen through blinding tears;
And forms of grace and beauty,
Concealed within the grave
In many a distant churchyard,
Where rippling grasses wave.

Draw closely, now, the curtains,
Let the lamp-light's mellow glow
Fall on these faded letters,
The relics of long ago;
When joyous seemed the future,
When hope and faith were strong
And the air was filled with the voices
Of melody and song.

Dear hand, that penned this missive
Of counsel and of cheer,
How my heart has longed for its pressure
Through many a weary year;
For many a long year folded
Above the peaceful breast
And the spirit freed from sorrow
In the regions of the blest.

And here, a bundle of letters
Writ in a boyish hand,
When flowed a tide of crimson
Through the sunny, southern land.
Oft, on the eve of battle,
When the foe was drawing near,
He would pen some cheering message
To those he held most dear.

But, one day came the tidings—
Sad tidings, that smote the heart—
That the soldier boy had fallen,
Performing a hero's part.
Where the brightly glancing waters
Of the blue Potomac roll,
There lies serenely sleeping
A brave, heroic soul.

These bearing foreign postmarks—
From the Tiber's yellow tide,
From the waterways of Venice,
From cities in the pride
Of palace, mosque and temple;
Upon whose crowded streets,
A strangely speaking people
The homesick traveler meets.

On each page a confession—
Although not oft expressed—
Most prized are the old friendships,
That scenes of home are best;
Not castle nor cathedral,
However nobly planned,
Charms as the humblest cottage
Of one's own native land.

And these from one whom Honor
Crowned with a deathless name;
And these, whose sun of promise
Went down in sin and shame;
These, written in life's springtime,
From one now gray and old;
And, these, from the hand of a toiler,
Who hoardeth, now, his gold.

Old letters, yours the mission
To stir the embers of youth
And strew o'er the wastes of a lifetime
Mementos of love and truth:

As, back of the clouds and the darkness
The moon mounts o'er the pine,
To shine on the graves of your writers—
That, soon, will shine on mine.

THE WORKING MAN.

When the sun, with rosy fingers,
Draws aside night's dusky shade,
Then are heard the rapid footsteps
Of the sturdy Toil Brigade;
Ringing on the city pavement,
On the dew gemmed woodland lane,
On the rugged mountain pathway,
On the harvest gilded plain.

Where the proud ship rides at anchor,
Waiting for her seamen bold;
Where the shaft has pierced the Earth's breast,
Laying bare her veins of gold;
Where the great trees tower skyward,
Waiting for the woodman's blow;
Where the plow stands in the furrow—
To such scenes these heroes go.

No gay uniform bedecks them;
Martial music is not heard
On the way, nor brilliant banners
By the morning breeze are stirred.
Having "Duty" for their watchword,
Purpose writ on flag unfurled,
Firm resolve on every feature
As they go to serve the world.

Fame and Fortune may be waiting
For a few adown the way,
But to most will the tomorrow
Be the same as yesterday.

Marching onward, toiling ever,
Happy if the view before
Holds for them but Love and Plenty
Smiling from some cottage door.

Braver than the bravest warriors,
Victor crowned by loyal hand;
Greater than the wisest statesmen,
Famed and praised throughout the land,
Are the humblest of these heroes,
Drawing water, hewing stone;
Their's a mission greater even
Than the King's upon his throne.

WESTERN WONDERS.

Now, Muse, attune with pleasing note
While on the stream of Time we float
A few short years, when the Far West
Was by the white man yet unblest,
Save by a few, who loved the moods
Of Nature in her solitudes
Too well to be enslaved by art
Within the city's throbbing heart.

Here, forests stood in stately pride
As if they time and storm defied;
Within their depths did panther roam,
Here, deer and rabbit, found a home;
The grape-vine swung from the lofty oak,
The blue-bird's song the stillness broke,
And savage youth his arrows made
Within the woodland's cooling shade.

Here, too, was boundless prairie seen—
A waving, billowy sea of green—
Where buffalo roamed, free as the air
And flowers bloomed on a bosom fair,
Within whose veins ran a sluggish tide,—
The mirror of the Indian bride.

Where forests stood now cities stand,
The pride and wonder of the land;
The tilling of the prairie soil
Full well repays the farmer's toil,
And scattered thick, o'er plain, by stream,
Ten thousand hearthstones brightly gleam.

The Indian's bark canoe no more
Skims, with wild grace, the waters o'er;
No more, his wigwam dots the place—
The dwelling of a simple race,
That owneth not a rood of land
Where once their fathers held command.
A race untaught, of stalwart frame,
That loveth not the white man's name.

By the Missouri's sluggish wave,
Where the wild Kansas finds a grave,
On hills, where red men passed the hours,
Stands now a city, rich in towers;
It stands, today, the Golden Gate
For Kansas' young and rising state,
It is, today, will ever be
The home of thought and energy.

Oh, city, glittering in the sun!
Many the victory by thee won
O'er rugged Nature's frowning look—
So many, 'twould require a book
To tell thy "ups and downs" and still
Thy people love each rocky hill;
And, though thou art in years yet young
Still will thy praises well be sung
In every land, in every zone,
Where Kansas City's name is known.

THE TWO BURIALS.

On St. Helena's rugged shores
'Gainst which the blue waves beat,
Enveloping the gray, old rocks
As with a winding sheet;

Where naught is heard to break the calm
That fills the air around,
Except the sea bird's lonely cry
And ocean's murmuring sound;—

A grave is made, a narrow grave
For the resting place of one
Who, but so short a time before,
Such glorious deeds had done;
Who had filled the world with clash of arms
And lofty battle song;
And had, with spirit firm and bold,
Spurned right instead of wrong.

Who had waved his silken banner fair
O'er many a clime and sea;
Had battled with the strong of arm
And chained the brave and free;
Whose dauntless spirit prompted him
To visit distant lands—
To traverse Russia's glittering snows
And Egypt's burning sands.

Carry him slowly, oh, soldier, grim,
To this grave where the willows weep;
Lower him gently, this warrior brave,
To his last, long, dreamless sleep;
Roll the stone carefully over his tomb,
Press smoothly the damp, yielding sod,
Speak low and kindly of the great dead,
And leave him alone—with his God.

Weep, oh, France, for your hero, who lies
So far from the scenes of his glory.
Tell to the world the spirit you've lost
And the winds will so waft the sad story,
That nations afar will take up the tale
And learn of the hero who's fallen;
While some will rejoice and some will lament
O'er the death of the mighty Napoleon.

From heathen India's burning skies
A ship comes o'er the foam;
Its precious freight a little band
Bound for their early home.
Blow soft, oh, winds, ye skies, be fair
And billows cease to roll;
Nor gales arise, nor storms descend,
'Till these have reached their goal.

For many years, this noble man
And gentle, saint-like wife
Had followed in the footsteps plain
Made by the Saviour's life;
Their mission was on India's plains
To scatter truth and love
And point these erring, heathen ones
To brighter plains above.

But, longings come amid their toil
To see their friends once more;
To hear again sweet, welcoming words
And tread their native shore;
To press again the hands of those
Fast bound by friendship's chain,
And 'twas for this they left their cause
To cross the raging main.

But, Death, "who loves a shining mark,"
Had singled for his own
Her from whose pure and gentle soul
Each grace resplendent shone;
And so the rose-tint left her cheek
As brightness did her eye;
And, mournfully, her faithful friends
Stood 'round to see her die.

On St. Helena's lonely isle,
By the side of the sounding sea,
They made her a grave where naught could disturb
Save Nature's minstrelsy.

Take one more look at her pale, sweet face
Ere you lower her into the tomb,
Chant one more dirge and scatter fresh flowers
Before you depart through the gloom.

Weep, oh, India's dusky sons,
For your friend and Christian guide
Who, all these long and weary years,
Was ever at your side;
And, weep, oh, husband, standing alone
By the grave of your cherished one—
But, rejoice, oh, angels, for by their loss,
Her joys have just begun.

On St. Helena's rugged shores,
'Gainst which the blue waves beat,
Enveloping the gray, old rocks
As with a winding sheet—
Two graves were made—two narrow graves
For the sunbeams to illumine;
In the one was laid a soldier brave,
In the other a Christian woman.
(Mrs. Judson.)

TIRED.

"I am so tired," the little child said
As he sank to rest in his trundle bed.
"All the day long, 'mid the garden bowers,
I've chased the bees and plucked the flowers,
Until the sun became weary too,
And sank to rest in his bed of blue,
While the stars came out to light the sky
And guide the angels passing by."

"Why am I thus? This morn I was not
As I went to play in th' accustomed spot;
My limbs were active and free from pains
While now they seem as bound with chains."

Sweet child, the answer comes e'en now
While weary nature bathes your brow,
And sweet influences 'round you creep
To waft you to the realms of sleep.

While yet in infaney, you gain
That in all of joy there's much of pain;
The roses you pressed this sunny morn
Contained among them many a thorn;
The bee that passed on shining wing
But hid from view a cruel sting;
So, the sweets of life though they you bless
Contain the pains of weariness.

"I am so tired," said he whose name
Is written high on the roll of fame;
"Tired of strife and noisy debate,
Tired of guiding the 'Ship of State';
Of the servile bow and the hollow smile
That ill conceal the serpent's guile;
But, tired of more than all beside,
This lofty seat though fair and wide."

"How I have toiled and not in vain
A mocking phantom to obtain;
It beckoned me from the vale of rest,
Where peace and love alone are blest,
To seek it on Ambition's steep,
Where lofty Power his vigils keep;
But, now, the toiling all is done,
The crown is mine, the scepter won."

"But what have I gained through all these years,
So fraught with care and stormy fears?
'Tis true that glory decks my brow
But, ah, its weight is heavy now;
Voices of praise sound on my ear
But loving friends I do not hear;
What to me is a deathless name
When clods shall cover my weary frame?"

“I am so tired,” the old man cried
As he stood the surging sea beside;
While the fitful blasts of briny air
Played with his snowy locks of hair;
And his form was bent with the weight, I ween,
Of the many cares he had stopped to glean
While passing o’er the plains of Life,
Where toil and care are all so rife.

“The way was long and rough to me
Before I came to this rushing sea,
The ebb and flow of whose mighty tide
But tell me tales of mortals’ pride—
The thorns have pierced my weary feet,
My lips are parched with burning heat,
My eyes are dim with falling tears—
I wait for the ebb of the tide of years.”

“I know that on the other shore
There will be rest forevermore
For the weary ones of earth below,
Who sadly on this journey go
From sunny youth with its smiles and tears
Onward through manhood’s riper years,
Till we come to the shores of Death’s dark sea
And are borne on its waves to Eternity.”

THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

I gave to the child a rose
All fragrant and sparkling with dew,
And I said in my heart, little child,
This rose is just like you;
Blooming so fresh and fair,
Sent by the angels above
Down to this sad, dark world
To cheer by your smiles of love.

I took from the earth a rose,
All drenched by the night's cold rain,
And on the grave of my beautiful one
I laid it in grief and pain;
For it had passed in the night
Back to the fadeless bloom
Of the amaranthine bowers above
And left me only a tomb.

LINES IN AN ALBUM.

In Life's fair book thou'rt writing,
Day by day;
And what therein is traced
Will ever stay.
Nor wish nor word of thine
May change a single line—
There, dark 'twill be or shine
Alway.

Of pages in that book
Are seventeen,
Writ with thy thoughts and deeds,
My Josephine;
And when they all are done,
Well finished as begun,
May Heaven then be won,
Aunt Rene.

LINES TO M—.

The sky broodeth low o'er the mountains,
Each peak and each crag gleams with snow;
The cañons e'en rival in whiteness
The clouds that are floating below.
The winds have, in awe, hushed their voices,
Not a sound of the wild bird or bee—
There's naught but deep silence and sadness
In this scene for you, friend, and me.

Far down lies the beautiful valley
Where Summer loves best to unfold
Her wonders and lay a mosaic,
Mosaic of green and of gold;
With rivers that glimmer and wander
And sing on their way to the sea
And kiss the bowed heads of the lilies,
That bloom there for you, friend, and me.

The snow in your dark hair is shining,
Care sits on your brow as on mine,
Our joys are less bright, our steps are less light,
Than in days of the "auld lang syne";
But down in our hearts may dwell summer,
There, blossoms of love may yet be,
And hope's birds, that sing in all seasons,
Will yet sing for you, friend, and me.

COMING HOME.

Sweet the hymns of the forest,
The anthems sung by the sea
And the laughter of rill in the meadow—
But the sweetest music to me
Falls on my ear when the shadows
Gather thickly in the lane,
For then a loved one cometh,
Whistling some joyous strain.

Long though the day and toilsome,
Burdened with many a care;
For the stern duties of manhood
Are for him to brave and bear;
Still when the evening shadows
Show that day is on the wane,
Homeward he cometh whistling
The notes of some old refrain.

Even as in boyhood,
Weary of comrades and play,
Longing for the home nest,
Toward it makes his way;
Glad of the light in the window,
Trudging through fog and rain—
Gleefully waking the echoes,
Whistling some boyish strain.

Shattered in every lifetime
Are some cups of joy;
With our sweetest pleasures
There is mingled some alloy;
But no vain repining
Over Fortune's frown or pain
If he comes homeward whistling
Some old, familiar strain.

Love is the ruling power
On this earthly sphere,
Infinite love doth govern
The world that lies so near;
Where, some day, 'mid voices,
Blending in harmony,
His voice will waft the message—
He is coming home to me.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Beautiful of face and form,
Rich in rippling tresses,
Only seemed she born for joy,
Love and fond caresses.
Dark eyes so bright,
Round arms as white
As lilies on the water;
No one so fair in all the land
As Maud, the miller's daughter.

Reared 'mid scenes where Nature blends
Woodland, glen and bower,
Stateliness she took from pine,
Grace from every flower;
 And ne'er was heard
 The song of bird
More sweet than her merry laughter;
'Twould thrill the heart like an old love tune,
Remembered for aye after.

Wealth nor rank o'er her fair head
Reared a stately palace;
Fortune's hand held not for her
The sweets of luxury's chalice;
 Yet no proud dame
 Of noble name
Would better grace an Eden
With pleasing charms and winning ways
Than this sweet village maiden.

Vine embowered her dwelling stood
On a green sward, sloping
Downward to the pleasant banks
Of a stream, that, groping
 Through verdant gloom
 And tangled bloom
Its way went onward sweeping
To turn a moss grown mill-wheel 'round,
Then, on through green fields creeping.

Humble though her roof-tree, yet
Nature showered her fairest
Offerings on the spot, from
Wood and field the rarest;
 Shells from the shore
 That evermore
Shall sound of the sea's low sighing;
Moss, sweet singing birds and flowers;
With each other in beauty vying.

Bird and bee will find the flower
Hidden in the wildwood,

So, lovers found this human rose
Blooming sweet from childhood;
 To sue in vain
 Her love to gain;
Not the rich tones of the pastor
Could win her, nor the squire's heaped gold,
Nor lore of the village master.

Loved she well at eventide
When the day, grown weary,
Rested on his crimson couch
And the night wind dreary
Whispered in the green pine tops—
 To watch the gleam
 Fade from the stream
To brighten village bowers
And linger last as though loved best
On Courtney Hall's fair towers.

Good night twitter of bird,
Fire flies in dim fields dancing,
Perfume on west wind borne,
Stars from their blue depths glancing;
 E'en charms as these
 Would fail to please,
If had not fallen the shadow,
That day, of heir of Courtney Hall
On bridge or daisied meadow.

Childhood's bright winged hours, meanwhile,
O'er them ceased to hover;
She no maiden vain became,
He no foolish lover;
 As one by one
 The years sped on
Since first they shared their pleasures;
Together read some legend wild
Or searched for woodland treasures.

Dear she was to him and fair—
Fairer than the morning

Dew gemmed, or the flakes each year
Threw down the earth adorning.

 In his glad youth
 The unwelcome truth
Ne'er crossed his mental vision,
That wedded rank and humble birth
Might mar their lives elysian.

One great lesson she had learned
From the book of Nature—
Love the theme, beginning, end—
Love for every creature;
 Yet in her breast
 A vague unrest
Would creep were he not sharing,
As none else could, each passing joy
That her young life was wearing.

Thus as streamlets were their lives,
Side by side descending
From their mountain home, 'mid banks
Blue with love's flowers, wending,
 In joyous glee,
 Their way to the sea.
Too soon the time was nearing
Of ice bound brook and wintery sky
And songsters disappearing.

Bitterly the old lord spoke
Of the fullest duty
Owed him—that no heir of his
Should be lured by beauty;—
 Of high degree
 His bride should be,
Not one of lowly station,
Whose very presence in their midst
Would be contamination.

Proudly, then, the young lord spoke:
"Dearest, cease your weeping;
Deep our love and wide the world,
We'll seek its kindly keeping;

Like Knight of old,
Firm, true and bold,
I'll win by high endeavor;
While you will be my lady Maud,
And I your true lord ever."

They, then, over hill and moor
Soon were swiftly speeding;
Ivied tower and ancient mill
From their sight receding;
Away, away,
'Neath light of day
The world seems fair and smiling;
Speed on, with youth and hope and love
Your every care beguiling.

The port is reached, their union blessed
By priest for joy or sorrow—
The blue sea beckons them away—
Their good ship sails tomorrow.
Nor time nor fate
May separate
Whom God hath joined together,
Through all the changing scenes of life—
Of fair or stormy weather.

The good ship sails, on deck they stand
Viewing with emotion
Their loved land fade, then disappear—
Blent with the mists of ocean.
But wind and wave
They gladly brave
So they may not be parted;
What to him is rank or gold
If she be broken hearted?

Borne to a fair and sunny land,
Turn they radiant faces
Ever towards the setting sun—
Journeying 'mid strange places,
Until is found
A spot of ground



On which to rear home's altar;
A task, in which, with love and zeal,
Its builders may not falter.

But vanished, now, its cheerful lights—
For o'er the sea came tidings—
Happy tidings—words of love
Expressed instead of chidings:

 "Our hearts are lone,
 Come to your own
Of titled wealth, forgiven
You and your bride for love's sweet sake,
For which you well have striven."

THE OLD HOUSE BY THE SEA.

Grim, deserted and dreary,
The house on the lone beach stands,
Like the hull of a shipwrecked vessel
Cast there by the shifting sands;
Ancient and weather beaten,
The sport of wind and of tide;
The owl and the bat haunt its rafters—
O'er its floor the lizards glide.

Like great eyes the uncurtained windows
Ever look out o'er the sea,
Watching as if for something
To reveal the mystery
Why comes not a light craft sailing,
Sailing out of the gleaming west,
To be moored again by the stairway,
By the inmates feet oft pressed;

Leading up to the time stained doorway,
Through which in the long ago,
Forth came a happy household
To descend to the waves below,
Lapping gently sand and seaweed—
Fair and smiling the ocean lay,
As, embarked on its tranquil bosom,
Light of heart they sailed away.

But o'er the face of Nature
Slowly there came a change;
Dim and dimmer grew the sunlight
While a silence weird and strange
Brooded over the waters—
E'en the beasts and birds on land
Seemed bound by a mystic silence,
As if awed by some stern command.

Broken by a low wailing
Borne o'er the face of the deep,
Like the cry of some lost spirit,
Wakened from troubled sleep.
Then the Storm King blew his trumpet,
Summoning from ocean's caves
The wild demons of destruction
To disport on the bounding waves.

Oh, for the proud ship plunging
Wildly amid the foam,
Oh, for the weak hands clinging
To the frail bark far from home.
Spar, mast and lifeless body
Floated slowly in to shore
But the one time happy household
To the old house came no more.

Nevermore were heard their voices
Calling from room to room,
Nevermore the flickering firelight
Banished the shades of gloom.

Seeming a blot on the landscape
When the sun reveals its form,
Like a wraith when the moon shines dimly
Or, enveloped in fog and storm;
But a beacon to the boatman
Far out on the lonely main
When the setting sun, with crimson,
Paints each narrow window pane.

THE TIBER.

Thoughts suggested by the proposed dredging of the Tiber to obtain its treasures.

A silver thread among the Appenines
Becomes a brook among the somber pines,
Where tuneful birds and wild beasts come to drink.
And children, still more wild, upon its brink
Play their rude games with savage, careless grace—
The fauns and satyrs of the rugged place.
With ever widening channel on it flows,
With song and murmur, knowing no repose,
Until, its banks unable to restrain,
It leaps unfettered to the boundless plain.
Here, fed by other streams, 'neath bluer skies,
Stirred by soft winds, that croon sweet lullabies,
It flows on grandly to the distant sea
To shape the course of human destiny.
At first, through lands primeval, whose rich soil
Had ne'er responded to the touch of Toil;
Then Tuscan garden and Etrurian field
Shadowed its waters with luxuriant yield.

Here, weary Priam stopped to rest and sing
Of the Eternal City that would spring
Upon its banks, and, like a star,
Shed a rich luster upon lands afar;
When Romulus would rear the sturdy wall,
Stone upon stone.—Did he not hear the call,
Across the ages, of the toiling slave,
Of tribune and of Caesar stern and brave,
The roll of chariot, the shout of victory,
The wail of captive? And did he not see
The eagles on the Roman banners gleam,
That waved and glittered in the morning's beam;
And in the faces of Rome's foes the dread
When they would hear the Roman soldier's tread?

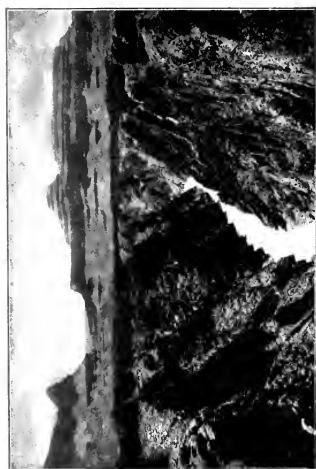
And from Rome's rise to glory, half untold,
Still, by its walls, the Tiber onward rolled.

Upon the frail bridge, o'er its waters flung,
Horatio stood—whose praises have been sung
More than the thousands have, who, with their swords,
Drove back the Sabine and the Gallic hordes
In Rome's defense, and for her shed their blood,
Then sank to death beneath the encrimsoned flood.
Here wept Zenobia, the captive queen,
That, nevermore, her own land would be seen;
There echoed here, Vespasian's bitter cry
Of "Give me back my legions, ere I die";
And the sweet tones, produced by Nero's bow,
Blent with the music of the river's flow.
The heathen came here with his offerings
To "Father Tiber" of most precious things;
The Christian of his wealth to leave no trace,
Within its depths, found a safe hiding place;—
Etruscan vases, many a priceless gem,
The golden candlestick brought from Jerusalem—
Most holy, of pure gold, borne to and fro,
And thrice around the walls of Jericho;
Fair works of art from Greece and other lands,
All here, were buried 'neath the shifting sands.

And, as in ancient times, so, still today,
Beside Rome's walls the Tiber takes its way.

But, in this twentieth century, no plan
Seems futile to the active brain of man;
He lifts from Science the veil of mysteries,
He reads the secrets of the earth and seas;
The depths are his, high are his flags unfurled,
He whispers and his words speed 'round the world.

So, not unmeet, the Tiber too should hear
A strange voice calling to it, sweet and clear:



“Give back, oh, river of the yellow tide,
The jewels that adorned the hand of bride,
The crowns of gold, the gems plucked from a throne,
The priceless gifts brought thee from every zone,
The heaps of gold, that have for centuries lain
In thy embrace; that want and woe and pain
May solace find in these, a gift from thee,
And Joy and Plenty smile on Italy.”

THE GREAT SOUTH WEST.

We sing, we sing of thee,
The brightest jewel on the nation's brow.
In all her galaxy
Of glorious sections, the most glorious thou;
A beautiful and wide and rich domain
That aeons 'neath thine azure skies have lain
And drank of dew and sunshine to make strong
The soil as fit abode for that great throng
Of freemen, following from sea to sea
“The star of empire” and of destiny.
Not the first race that has thy verdure pressed
But greatest one that yet has sought thy breast—
The greatest! Who can tell what empires lay
Upon these shores in Time's remotest day?
That sank, perchance, in dark oblivion,
Before had fallen mighty Babylon;
Oh, mystic land, thou guard'st thy secret well
Of the first people that in thee did dwell;
Who climbed thy mountains, drank from out thy
streams,
Thy cañons roamed, who dreamed their pleasant dreams
Of love and conquest, fleeting and as fair
As the mirage they viewed in desert air;
But thou hast vouchsafed, here and there, a trace
In times less ancient, of a simple race
Who dwelt 'mid cliffs and in thy caves obscure,
With lives best told in place of sepulture.

Balboa and his men
The shining waves of a great sea behold
From th' heights of Darien;
Before unseen by white men, there unrolled
And stretching out to the horizon's rim,
Sunlit and rippling, in the distance dim,
To break upon some distant, unknown shore—
Thy fair Pacific, bold Conquistador.
And yet unfurrowed lay its waters blue,
Save by the passage of some rude canoe,
Till snowy English sails gleamed in the bays
As gleamed, on shore, the sword o'er rugged ways
Carved by the Spaniard for the coming feet
Of the Franciscan fathers, with the sweet
Old story of the Cross to tell, content
Could they but change to humble penitent
Th' untutored Indian, in whose nature wild
Reposed the trustful spirit of a child.

Dawned a new era on the wondrous land
When Civilization, by a priestly hand,
Built high the mission walls and laid the tile
And marked the outline of each nave and aisle;
Upturned the soil and planted tree and vine
For future largess of rich fruit and wine.
In safety fed the flocks upon the hills,
The vales were watered by the mountain rills,
Where, in the harvest time, shone golden grain—
In mission gardens bloomed the flowers of Spain;
And, like the wild rose, bloomed the Indian maid
Who met her lover 'neath its fragrant shade.

A sweet contentment in each bosom dwells,
As, overhead, ring out the mission bells;
Each swelling note and silvery cadence clear
Revealing its sweet purpose to the ear;
While eastward, far beyond the prairies wide,
Ring other bells o'er the Atlantic tide,
Proclaiming to a listening world the birth
Of a new nation cradled on the earth;
Proclaiming that the banner o'er it thrown
Shall ne'er be shadowed by a tyrant's throne;—

Ring, mission bells, your notes of love and peace,
Ring, freedom's bells, that tyranny may cease;
Ring out the victories that ye have won,
And ring, forevermore, in unison.

Since that far distant time,
When on the breeze the bells their music flung
In messages sublime,
Whose glorious tones through all the years have rung;
With added stars, that flag baptized in blood,
From the Atlantic to Pacific's flood
Has proudly waved; most proudly in the glow
Where fading sunbeams their last glances throw
Upon its folds ere sinking in the deep,
And purple shadows o'er the landscape creep
Of the South West, our loving hope and pride,
More fair than other land on earth beside.
Whose breast is veined by riches all untold,
Of purest silver and of shining gold;
Where, 'mid the rocks, lies hidden many a gem
Fit to adorn a kingly diadem:
But of small worth compared to the great wealth
Presided over by the goddess Health:
Of fruitful orchards and of smiling plains
Where a perpetual summer joyous reigns;
Where flowers scatter perfume through the year,
Nor fiery bolt nor chilling blast to fear;
Whose mountains, grandly towering, capped with
snow,
Look proudly down upon the vales below:
Where many a city in its beauty stands,
The wonder and delight of older lands;
With trade and industry on ever street,
And in whose temples Grace and Culture meet.

In such an air, amid such scenes as these,
Man may develop fullest energies:
Beneath such skies, fulfilled each heart's desire,
To what high purpose may he not aspire?
In all the years to come, will this not be
The crowning spot of noblest faculty?

LOS ANGELES.

A perfect setting for a spot so fair
Of mountain, vale and sea ;
The desert's mystery
Beyond, with its strange stillness everywhere,
Beneath the fierceness of whose noontide rays,
The weary traveler, on its sandy ways,
Toward thee casts many an eager gaze
And sighs for thy rose scented breeze,
Thy singing birds and blossoming trees,—
Los Angeles.

What changes wrought since that time long ago
When Spanish cavalier
And Don with look austere,
On the King's Highway journeying, to and fro,
Here at pueblo lingered long to rest
In some patio as a welcome guest,
With padre waiting that he might be blessed ;
Ere that dread time when cannon's roar
Shook the mission walls, ne'er heard before
On this calm shore.

The mission bells then seemed a wondrous voice,
Subdued, if death the theme,
Or spoke with joy supreme
Of birth or wedding that all might rejoice.
Grandee and Indian would pause to hear
The message ringing down upon the ear
Of faith and love, of woe or happy cheer ;
And Angelus from out the tower
Would cast a spell of mystic power
O'er evening hour.

There came a paler race, of quicker tread,
More apt to toil and strive
And skillfully contrive
Great purposes, more by ambition led.
A new civilization then held sway
And Growth and Progress marked a wider way

For all than that of drowsy yesterday.
Now, 'neath these matchless skies,
The high and splendid walls arise
Of Enterprise.

Ships crowd the harbor, and the gleaming rails,
O'er which the iron steed
Bounds with impetuous speed,
All but efface the old priest trodden trails;
Trade reaches out with ever broadening hand
To grasp the harvests of the fertile land,
In every season by soft breezes fanned.
Year after year, on every side,
Are barren places beautified
With loving pride;

Until, on every hill fair homes are seen,
Amid whose lovely bowers,
Bedecked with countless flowers,
The City of the Angels reigns as queen;
Queen of a realm that sea and sky illumine,
Where winter cometh not nor time of gloom—
A realm of beauty and of fadeless bloom—
A queen as fair as she is old,
With gardens rich, with hills so bold,
Of charm untold.

THE BUILDERS.

When the Great Architect of worlds made man
In His own image, He implanted in his breast
The love of beauty—not the beauty as
Revealed in Nature's various forms alone—
In brightly glancing waters, where are mirrored
The human face and form, most perfect type
Of beauty as beheld in Nature's works;
Not in the lights that flash at sunset hour

Upon the hills, not in the shining orbs
Above, nor in the blossoms at his feet—
But, with creative power he is endowed—
The active brain, the skillful hand to plan
And fashion other beauties to adorn
Bare niches in Earth's somber galleries.
Nor, do we need to stand before the works
Of Thorwaldsen or Angelo to view
The greatest beauties to be found in art;
The world is teeming with the work of hands
More beautiful than e'er was wrought by brush
Or chisel. We, in fancy, may behold
Those tombs that overlook the Nile's green banks,
Or, may, in admiration, gaze upon
The stateliness of Strasburg's graceful domes,
Or, stand where yet the Coliseum rears
Its head amid the ruined palaces—
Those splendid relics of a splendid past;—
Or, yet, in the fair edifices that
Dot our own land to find perfection of
That art not the less beautiful because
With it is blent noble utility.

From the beginning, Architecture has
Stretched forth a mighty and artistic hand
To shelter and adorn. "Go to, let us
Build us a city and a tower whose top
Shall reach to Heaven," was uttered when the world
Was young. From that bold effort uprose Babylon,
Rich in her palaces and hanging gardens fair,
And through whose brazen gates the riches of
All nations passed. In the advancing light
Of civilization, men grew weary of
A wandering life—then Lebanon's cedars fell
And man first learned "to hew the shaft
And lay the architrave."

It was not Grecian soil that enriched Rome,
It was the treasures of philosophy
And art the conquered laid, in sorrow, at
The conqueror's feet. Fair Athens pointed to

Her loved Acropolis and thus taught Rome
To imitate her fanes and monuments;
And Corinth opened her reluctant gates
And showed her gleaming palaces. Thus Grecian art
Adorned the seven hills, and Rome, no more
Was called a city of barbarians.
And where her standards shone, there Roman art
Was as triumphant as were Roman arms;—
A wall in Britain; now, a pillar reared
In Gaul; a temple built by the Euphrates' wave;
Until, as milestones, rose her works throughout the
world.

Corinthian column nor the Gothic arch
Was prized in that dark, medieval time
When Civilization's waves of light swept backward,
and
The only light of learning seemed as a
Dim taper shining from monastic walls.
Then his cause was most just whose castle was
Most strong; hence strength, not beauty then, was seen
In the rough tower and massive battlements.

In the Elizabethan era when
Sprang Poetry and Romance forth, as sprang
Minerva fully armed forth from the brain
Of Jove, then Architecture rose in power
And corresponding grandeur, while, across the sea,
In the New World, curled the blue smoke above
The cabins of a race of freeman, yet
To be; each one a home and fortress, where
Were heard the shouts of children and the songs
Of women, who, oftentimes, in faltering tones,
Sang of their native land.

No masterpiece of architecture has
Arisen in these latter times excelling those
Built centuries ago; for, ever, art
And science seem to follow Nature's plan:—
Where rays of light diverge more widely, there
The lesser power at a given point.—

So, too, though Learning has lit up a hemisphere
Since gravitation's law astonished men,
Or, since a Virgil sang—yet, no great mind
Has grappled with a greater truth, nor has
The verse of modern poet been more sweet.
Strains of grand music floated to the roofs
Of splendid churches, and from palaces
Lights gleamed upon Venetian waters when
The New World lay an unknown waste, where now
The home and church and schoolhouse send
Their greetings to all peoples 'neath the sun.

But these old architectural wonders are
Too surely crumbling into dust; the same
Sky, yet unfaded, and the mountains, stern
And changeless still, look down upon them, and
The streams flow sparkling at their feet as when
They first stood forth fresh from the builder's hands.
And thus the evanescence of men's works is seen
When with the works of God they are compared .

Ancient as Eden, more enduring far
Than are the adamantine hills, there stands
A temple fair, unmarred by touch of Time;
Built by the good and glorious of the world.
Each laying well a stone in his own time
And carving name thereon—a noble work,
Invisible, intangible, save to
Our inner consciousness. It has
Arisen slowly through the centuries,
Like a stalagmite forming in the dim
Recesses of some cavern; silently
As Solomon's great temple, where was heard
No sound of hammer or of iron tool
In all its building. Warrior, statesman and
The humble Christian and philosopher,
The poet and the painter, all, have joined
In elevating and adorning its
Fair walls until the twentieth century
Finds it, indeed, a goodly structure. When
The walls were yet low, Homer builded well.

Justinian's name is there; and Newton, and
Galileo and Bacon, each did his
Part well and carved his name in letters deep;
The name of Martin Luther shines like gold.
Around Columbus' name there lingers still
The balmy air of his discovered realms.
The names of Washington and Franklin are
Deep graven as their memories are within
The hearts of all their countrymen.

Of Ptolemy Philadelphus it is told:
He bade his name carved on that lighthouse, called
One of the Seven Wonders of the World.
Instead, the cunning architect carved his
Own name upon the marble deeply, and
O'er it, in plaster, cut his sovereign's name.
There have been many, who have sought like this
Egyptian King to leave a name fair and
Imperishable on this temple, but
Their efforts have been marred by personal
Ambition, and the waves of Time soon swept
Away their traces. Only those, who have
Toiled for the good and true, shall have a place
Enduring on this wondrous temple that
Shall rise still higher through the coming years,
Till time shall be no more.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

It ever lies beyond the musician's skill
To woo, from keys, the music of the storm;
The thunder, muttering from hill to hill,
A great wind sweeping through the forest trees,
The waves, high dashing, on a rock-bound shore,
A mountain torrent's wild, tumultuous roar,
A brook's low laugh, the sigh of gentle breeze,
The countless melodies rain drops perform;

The pain and anguish of a human cry,
The song of lark upmounting to the sky.

In vain would artist with his colors rare,
Imprison, on his canvas, sunbeams bright;
The gray, the rose and gold of morning fair,
Spring's tender beauty, Autumn's pageantry,
The misty radiance of a moonlit sea,
The illumined shadows of a starry night;
Nor can the spirit, shining through the eyes,
Be more portrayed than lightning in the skies.

Thought bears the poet on swift, steady wings
To beauteous islands set in azure seas;
Where many a happy fancy softly sings;
The Past unseals rare volumes for his gaze,
The Future sings prophetic of the days
To come and all Earth's wondrous mysteries.
By grand emotions are his heart strings stirred,
Which, to express, there seems no fitting word.

We, the plain plodders in life's valley, when
We catch fair glimpses of the mountain peaks
And note the beauty of Fame's portals, then
Oft leave our work unfinished there to climb,
That we, too, may attain to heights sublime;
Unheeding mentor that within us speaks
In accents sorrowing, "Not so, not so,
Your mission lies here in the vale below."
Unmindful on we climb through noonday heat,
O'er rugged ways, oft wounding weary feet,
Until the shadows deepen on the way
And disappears from sky all trace of day;
Again the pitying voice "Return, return,
To where the lights of home in luster burn;
Renew your tasks though humble they may be,
Think not this side of vast Eternity
To reach the goal that hope would have you gain,
But which you labor for on Earth in vain."

“NULLA DIES SINE LINEA.”

The artist lingered in the morn's bright beams;
 The hills smiled down upon him and the trees
 Waved welcoming branches in the gentle breeze;
 That, with the bird songs and the rippling stream's
 Low melody, fell on his listening ear
 To charm his senses and his spirit cheer;—
 For all that bloomed or sang some pleasure gave.
 Beyond the green fields lay the restless sea,
 White with the sails of many an argosy
 From distant ports, borne o'er the briny wave,
 Full laden with rich stores from every land,
 Silks from Cathay, rich spice from Samarcand
 And wine and perfume from each tropic isle.
 But, high above the pilot's cheery call,
 Ambition sang, and visions that enthrall
 More than rich cargoes and kind Nature's smile—
 Unseen save by the devotees of art—
 Were cherished and enshrined within his heart.

Above his easel shine—
 Whose canvas yet lies colorless and bare—
 The characters that form his motto fair:
 “No day without a line.”

The door is closed against all common things;
 And as he stands before the canvas there,
 His lips form speech, at once a vow and prayer;
 That, borne on high by swift, angelic wings,
 Is writ within that book that will be read
 When both the land and sea give up their dead.
 What noble thoughts surge through his throbbing
 brain!

What glorious forms within his mental view!
 What lovely landscapes where the morning dew
 Yet lies! Is inspiration all in vain?
 The brush he seizes and with zeal afire,
 With magic stroke he paints his soul's desire.
 Not in a day, but many come and go—
 He heard the reaper sing amid the grain,
 He saw the purpling grape and heard the wain
 Of vintage sweet pass lumbering and slow:

And, like confetti thrown in festive town,
He saw the mad wind whirl the bright leaves down.
Still on he toiled when nuts fell on dead leaves
And when the fields were robbed of their last sheaves.
Down to the snowline gleamed a mantle white,
The rain fed rivers sang with fresh delight.

Still, at each day's decline
He could repeat though weary, worn and pale,
Yet, with a spirit strong that could not fail:
"No day without a line."

At last the day came when his task was done;
A perfect picture, rare, of priceless worth,
Glowed there upon the canvas, and the earth
Thereby enriched; and, as the westering sun
Shone on it through the lattice, it seemed proud
Its glory was not dimmed by passing cloud.

Relentless Time o'er genius e'en holds sway,
And, long ago, the artist went to dwell
Amid the beauties of the asphodel.
But in an Old World gallery, today,
His picture hangs upon an ancient wall,
On which the yellow sunbeams love to fall—
A thing of beauty and of matchless grace,
On which Time's signet e'en has left no trace;
A monument more lasting and more fair
Than brass or marble rising high in air.

We cannot all paint pictures such as this,
We cannot all write books profound and wise,
Nor read the secrets of the brooding skies,
Nor win high praise, sweet as a mother's kiss;
But each, by high endeavor, in his sphere,
Can do some daily good throughout the year—
All humble deeds, perhaps, obscure and small,
But the Great Judge will smile upon them all.

Then we should not repine
As we toil on through Life's sunshine and storm,
If we can say, and, saying, well perform:
"No day without a line."

COLUMBUS.

In fair Genoa, centuries ago,
Ere Time, with onward and impetuous flow,
Had left sad traces on each palace wall,
Dwelt in by Doges stern, who reigned and fell,
As dead leaves fall;

A child looked out through many a sunny day,
Upon the shining waters of the bay,
Blue as the sky above him and the sea
O'er which a path lay to his destiny.

And who could tell
The dreams and visions that beguiled each hour,
Pealed by the bell from San Lorenzo's tower?

Or, how his spirit chafed at youth's delay
When he fain would have sailed o'er seas away.
How sports pleased not but ever vague unrest
Like some mysterious singing bird

Within his breast,
That sang of joys to come in future days
When he had gained the world's full meed of praise.
And, then, at last, came manhood's tardy years,
With manhood's guerdon of rich hopes and fears.

He knocked unheard
At princes' doors, he knelt alone,
A humble suppliant, at many a throne.

He asked for aid to seek those regions dim,
From which bright visions waved their hands to him;
But monarchs kept their gold and heeded not;
They had been told that, 'neath the circling sun,

No other spot
Remained, yet, undiscovered, and they smiled
At charts and visions as chimeras wild.
How could he, poor enthusiast, have discerned
What priests and learned nobles had not learned?

But there was one,
A woman and a queen, of heart and brain—
A gracious sovereign of the realm of Spain.

Queen Isabella, that name the synonym
Of grace and lofty zeal—she gave to him
Her jewels rare, she gave unto his need;
And thus, in giving, added hope and cheer,
 That he might speed
Across the trackless ocean to his goal;
And whether far Cathay, or, where there roll
Vast billows 'round some lonely isle, or, where
Some shore, dwelt on by happy people there,
 No peril dear,
No toil too great, if in her royal hand
He might but lay the treasures of that land.

Away, away, both sea and sky are fair,
And sweet the briny odors in the air;
The white sails flutter in each passing breeze,
The last farewell is said, the last fond word;
 And now for these
Who brave the dangers of the mighty deep,
And these who stay behind to sigh and weep,
The billows roll between; the ships now are
Three glistening specks on the horizon's bar;
 No sounds are heard
Save creak of eordage and the sea bird's ery
And voice of wind and wave as they sweep by.

Away, away, the emprise is begun;
Their prows are turned toward the setting sun;
Columbus resolute, his seamen brave;
New empires they will now most surely gain
 Or watery grave.
The sun their guide by day, the stars by night,
As they speed onward in their steady flight;
What though the tempests rage and calms delay?
More bravely still they press upon their way.
 But all in vain,
No land is seen—storms toss their tattered sails
And Hope, that long has sung for them, now fails.

But whence these branches as from wooded vale?
These spiey scents borne by the passing gale?

Can they be near some lovely, verdant shore
Where flowers blossom and sweet fountains rise,
And, evermore,
Shall well earned comfort and sweet peace be theirs?
They look and answered are their fervent prayers,
For just before them, through the golden haze,
A fair land lies before their earnest gaze.

Oh, sweet surprise!

No men more joyful, as with clasped hands,
They kneel in thankfulness upon the sands.

The Christian cross is reared, the flag unfurled
Of Castile and Leon—and a new world
Has opened wide its portals to mankind
To bless and shelter them—by key of gold

And master mind

Unlocked; the one a gentle woman gave,
Columbus, he, magnanimous and brave,
Discerner of the stars and hearts of men—
He led the solitary way—and then

Had he been told

The wealth and vast extent of these domains,
Forgotten would have been his need—and chains.

Four hundred years since white men trod the earth
Of the new world—four hundred years since birth
Of nations that a glorious wonder seem;
And from their haunts, dusk maid and bold cacique
Sped like a dream.

And Civilization's torch has cast a glow
That gleams more bright as ages come and go.

And, now, Columbia, most blest of lands,
Would take her sister nations by their hands

And of him speak,

Whose grand achievements and whose deeds sublime
Have marked an epoch on the roll of time.

THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

Faintly through the mist of years
Is borne the sound of happy cheers;
And the pealing of a bell—
The joyous bell of Liberty;
Falling on a nation's ear,
The sweetest music it could hear—
A paean for th' oppressed, a knell
For British sway and tyranny.

Ringin'g o'er a grateful land
Greetings from that patriot band,
Firm in council there,
To a listening world.
'Neath Freedom's banner, planted where
The pride of kings lies hurled:
"These States are and ought to be
Happy, independent, free."

Horsemen quick with steed and rein
Clattering go o'er hill and plain,
Bearing the news to cot and hall,
The freedom of America—
'Tis heralded to all;
Where thunders bold Niagara,
To each nook in the Far West
Civilization had gained and blest.

The yeoman, on his rugged farm,
Feels new strength within his arm;
The soldier, on the tented field,
Girds him anew for the deadly strife,—
He can but die, he will not yield,
He fights for fireside and for life.—
Whose every hope is Freedom's own
Is strong to brave a tyrant's throne.

Borne by the waves and the fitful breeze,
The voice of that bell rings o'er the seas
Where princes revel and peasants fast;
Where the serf dreams of that better day
When a tyrant's cruel sway is past—

And in jubilant tones it seems to say
"These States will and ought to be
Happy, independent, free."

The theme is old; we know how well
Those heroes fought, how nobly fell;
How oft their life blood crimsoned the tide
Of the Hudson and the Delaware;
How o'er them at Monmouth the night wind sighed,
And at Valley Forge, the highways there
Were marked by the prints of their bleeding feet
As they marched through the snow and blinding sleet.

Yes, the theme is old; yet, every year
Fairer, brighter will appear
Their names, their lives on history's page;
More gloriously their deeds will glow
Through each succeeding age;
More musically sweet will flow
The notes of that bell until the time
When the bells of the world shall ring in chime:
"These States are and ought to be
Happy, independent, free."

MEMORIAL DAY.

Under a wealth of apple bloom,
Filling the air with its sweet perfume,
O'er a path that followed the orchard through,
A mother passed with her boy in blue.
At the gate they paused, their lips were dumb;
Down in the village the roll of drum,
A bugle call, a coming train
Fell on their hearts as stabs of pain.—
A kiss, a sob, a clasp of the hand,
A look at the flag—they understand—

Waving so proudly 'tween earth and sky—
And he is gone with that mute good bye;—
In the full tide of his boyish grace,
Gone, the horrors of war to face.

Once he looked back for one last gaze
On the peaceful scenes of his boyhood days.
The woods arose like a massive wall,
Down the rocky glen dashed a waterfall,
The fields were green with the springing corn,
The roof of the cottage, where he was born,
Peered out from amid the blossoming trees,
Cheerful with notes of birds and bees;
Still that silent figure at the gate—
Soldier boy, how long will she wait
For thy coming? Will the roses bloom
And fade—will the autumn gloom
Shroud the naked fields and the snow fall fast
And be piled into drifts by the wintery blast?
Oh, well for her and for every one
That a bow of hope, fair as the sun,
Bends over that veil of mysteries,
Hiding the future's realities.

From his brow, with the old, familiar air,
Brushing the brown of his clustering hair,
Waving his hands in a last adieu—
In his heart enshrined that treasured view—
On he goes to meet that eager throng,
Fired by the news that flashed along
Over the land, from sea to sea:
“Sumter is fallen, our flag of the free
Humbled.” Then each office, home and farm
Gave the strength of its brain and arm,
Gave its heart the Union to save—
To save it or fall as fall the brave.
Firm of purpose onward they go,
Marching southward to meet the foe,

That foe a brother, perchance a son,—
In the gloomy days of '61.

* * * *

In a Southern city fair,
Music fills the balmy air—
“Dixie” and “My Maryland”
Float out sweetly from the band.
Crowds of people throng the street,
Banners wave, drums loudly beat;
Bands of soldiers, to and fro,
Marching, countermarching go.
Never did the eye behold
Fairer forms of Nature’s mold—
Like some old-time heroes sprung
Into life again when young.
These men’s sires had battles won
By the side of Washington;
Kept the wily foe at bay,
Fought in many a deadly fray;
Helped to execute and sign
The Declaration, half divine:
“All men are and ought to be
Equal, independent, free.”

But a hush falls on the scene
And a girl with grace of queen—
None more fair in all the land—
Now advances, flag in hand.
“Southern soldier of the gray,
Take this flag we give today;
And, if fate be kind to thee,
Bear it on to victory.
Tell the Northmen, stern and bold,
That their Union will not hold,
That ’tis but an idle dream—
’Tis the State that rules supreme.
Go, protect our homes and soil
That a foeman may despoil.
And, if in some awful hour,
Greater numbers overpower,

And this banner be brought low
 And our zeal be turned to woe—
 May it be for valiant dead
 Silken pillow for his head.”

* * * *

Like a group of boys and girls
 Frowning through their tangled curls
 At a parent's precepts wise;
 Looking out with scornful eyes
 On the narrow walls of home,
 Longing far from them to roam;
 So would the South the nation grieve
 And her cheerful hearthstone leave.
 But the Nation's loving heart
 Will not let her thus depart,
 Knowing that the end would be
 Ruin, grief and misery.
 That a country to be great
 Needs the service of each state—
 North and South and East and West
 Must obey each wise behest;
 Or, if not, 'tis duty clear,
 Punishment will be severe.

* * * *

Not the words of wisdom from Learning's walls,
 Not the eloquence from statesmen's halis,
 Not the minister's prayer that wars might cease
 Nor the poet's song of the joys of peace
 Could restrain them—these voices were lost in the
 storm
 Of the conflict that raged where the legions swarm
 'Round their standards—one, the stripes and stars,
 The other—that new one—the stars and bars.
 Then the engines of war belched forth their fire
 And the smoke of the cannons rose higher and higher,
 As the balls sped forth on their mission of death,
 Like a whirlwind of wrath with its fiery breath.
 And the shot fell fast like showers of hail
 On the prancing steed and its rider pale—

Pale with the rage that a battle brings
When a bugle blows and a bullet sings,
And the shattered fragments of many a shell
Mark the places where his comrades fell.

Thus the Civil War rolled its crimson tide
O'er the beautiful Southland, far and wide;
On Manassas' hotly contested field
They were willing to die but unwilling to yield;
Now, on Lookout Mountain's rugged brow,
With the gallant Stonewall Jackson now,
At the Wilderness with Grant and Lee,
Now with Sherman, marching to the sea.
And the hearts at home were filled with pain
As they hoped for peace but hoped in vain;
For American courage and American pride
Shone forth from their eyes on either side;
And the Anglo-Saxon in their blood
Surged in their veins like a mighty flood;
And the potentates of the Old World,
Who their shafts of malice and scorn had hurled,
Paused to think that if here such valor burned,
What if on their own thrones it were turned.

* * * * *

Peace came at last and the Nation then
Took to her heart her own again.
But why this sorrow and this strife
Should come into her peaceful life
Will be known in that eternal day
When Time's dark stone is rolled away.
But this we know, when Freedom rears,
As in these intervening years,
Such base of Union, strong and great,
With ample room for every state,
More firm and higher will it grow,
More light will from its portals flow,
Until it reaches heights sublime,
Fair Union's temple for all time;

. A landmark for each distant zone,
A menace to each tyrant's throne.

* * * *

And, so, today, when the busy hum
Of toil is hushed, and the muffled drum
Sounds faintly through the solemn hours,
A grateful people, bearing flowers,
Will ask not, on their mournful way,
Wore he the garb of blue or gray?
Bore he the old flag or the new?
Was he to State or Union true?
But, only, was he soldier brave,
Who sleeps within this honored grave?

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME TODAY.

Let every banner be unfurled,
Let whistles have their noisy way,
Let bells ring out,
Let people shout
Their welcome with the bands that play
Their bravest tunes—for well the cause
Will warrant clamor and hurrahs—
Our boys are coming home today.

Not from the Orient they come—
From victories gained beyond the seas,
Where shot and shell
Like rain drops fell:
Nor, yet, from where each Cuban breeze
Was freighted with a hero's pain—
No copse but held some hero slain—
They come not from such scenes as these.

But, greater trial to brave hearts
Was theirs the task—with hope deferred—
To watch and wait
By the Golden Gate—

Most eager to pass through—for the word,
The summons to cross the sparkling main
And try their strength with the strength of Spain;
But the joyful message ne'er was heard.

Thus months sped on—their lives in camp
Among the dreary sand-dunes passed;

Life hard to bear—

With scanty fare—

Chilled to the heart by the shrieking blast,
Drenched by the dismal fog and rain,
Shivering on their beds of pain—
Thank God, they're coming home at last.

They're coming back to love and home
Beneath the skies of summer land;

But rising tears

Will check some cheers

When we behold the beloved band
And note some missing, whom not pen,
Nor voice will welcome home again;
Their discharge signed by Death's stern hand.

But all were heroes just the same
As if in midst of deadly fray

The bullets sped

And they lay dead

Within the trenches far away—
Away from friends who hold them dear—
Mates of our heroes speeding here—
Ours, who are coming home today.

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY.

One of the mist of the early dawn,
O'er the turbid waves, the fleet sped on,
Straight for its goal—Manila Bay—
Where Spain's proud ships at anchor lay.

On cliff and headland were watchful eyes
On the outlook to guard against surprise;
And soon the flash of the signal gun
Gave the alarm ere the rise of sun.

The Spaniard, in his wrath and pride,
That a foe should into his harbor ride,
Sent out a challenge in cannons' roar
From bold Cavite to **Corregidor**;
Which Dewey answered in thunder tones,
That shook Manila's foundation stones.
Then the battle raged—a leaden shower
Rained on the foemen's ships that hour;
And every ball and every shell
Sent by our men did its errand well—
So well that Nature held her breath,
Awed by that carnival of Death.

'Mid fire and wreck their ships went down,
And with them sank Spain's old renown;
And Luzon saw, first in centuries,
A strange flag waving in the breeze.
That eve each tone of vesper bell
Fell on the ear like a passing knell,
As prayers were chanted for the slain
And their loved ones in the homes of Spain.
In palace and cot on mountain side—
For aged mother and youthful bride,
Who, nevermore, shall clasp that hand
Who placed on hers the wedding band.

Pity that mother, who stands there
In her open, vine-framed doorway, where
The sunlight falls on her hair of snow;
Gazing out on the path below,
Hoping, yet dreading, the news to hear
That may be brought by some mountaineer.—
Hark to the mule bells, he climbs the steep
By the winding way—how her pulses leap!
Oh, mother, too soon you feel such woe
As only motherhood may know.

Whether English or Latin of race and name
A mother's heart is ever the same;
Christian or heathen, womanhood's crown
Is marred by some thorn that presses it down.
She goes not to war, in its pomp bears no part,
But many its bullets that enter her heart.
Will the world ever grow so kind and so sweet
That Peace will be queen with War at her feet?

A year has passed since Dewey's fame
Added fresh luster to our name;
Hero of heroes, who, that May morn,
All fear and danger held in scorn;
A man of the people, wisely sent,
Who filled the earth with astonishment—
Astonishment that ne'er will cease—
That a country great in the arts of peace
Should rise like a giant, bold and free,
And strike such a blow for liberty.

A year ago 'twas a vision fair
Of a May queen with her shining hair;
A May pole planted in the ground,
With happy children dancing 'round;
A hawthorne hedge in fullest bloom
For other visions left no room.

Today, a ship 'neath tropic sky,
A starry banner floating high;
The figure of a soldier brave
With bronzed cheek, and gray, and grave;
Who shed new glory on May Day—
The hero of Manila Bay.

THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION.

What shall we give and what retain
Of the lands that once were the lands of Spain?
The haughty foe, in rage and pain,
Bows at our feet, distressed, forlorn,
A target for the world's fine scorn—
A jest for millions yet unborn.

If Spain were victor to command,
Of all obtained by war's red hand,
She would not yield one rood of land.
But we are generous as we are brave—
We owe no sovereign, we own no slave—
Here, where the starry banners wave.

Not conquest, not the world's applause,
Nor empire, but for freedom's cause
We drew the sword, nor did we pause
Until the sun of liberty
Shone on a people glad and free,
Ripe for a higher destiny.

We stood for right against the wrong,
We helped the weak against the strong—
"For freedom" was our battle song;
That rose above the cannon's roar,
That echoed on from shore to shore
And still shall echo, evermore.

Our fathers, with far-seeing eyes,
Knew that temptations would arise
To claim new lands 'neath foreign skies;
But, 'mid the noble words that grace
The brilliant annals of our race
"Imperialism" has no place.

Then, those fair isles beyond the seas
Give back, save one, whose fragrant breeze
Fanned gently those, whose high emprise
Led them to death in distant clime,
Beneath their flag, whose folds sublime
Shall float there through all coming time.
For, that is sacred ground where fell
Our loved ones—there no foe may dwell—
That isle is ours where they sleep well.

Go, gallant ships, speed o'er the foam
And bring our soldier heroes home,
Where freedom rears her highest dome.

And, as the light of polar star
Shines on the mariner afar,
Who, by its gleam, finds harbor bar;
So, may our flag, set firm and high,
Be a fair beacon in the sky
For earth's oppressed ones passing by;
Who will upon these shores behold
A people great; too proud and bold
To crave a foeman's lands and gold.

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

Above the storm, fair Freedom's voice is calling
Across the billows of a mighty sea,
From lands where men are nobly, bravely falling
For love of firesides and of liberty.
In numbers few, in courage and devotion
An army swift and terrible and strong;
Each heart inspired by worthy, earnest purpose,
Each hand made steady for the strife with wrong.

From Albion's cliffs are vessels swiftly sailing,
Bound for some sunny, Afric port away;
While, within hall and hovel there is wailing,
For English mothers mourn their sons today.
Now, Afric's soil shakes 'neath the tread of victors
Whose conquering footsteps sound throughout the
world;
But the brave Boer heart remains undaunted
And at his foes is fierce defiance hurled.

O'er kopje and veldt the tide of war is flowing,
The noise of battle reaches to the skies;
The cannons' thunder, bugles shrilly blowing,
The shouts of captains and the shells' dread cries;
And Death, "the Commoner", lays haughty noble
Beside the humblest farmer in the field;
The flower of England's army leads the conflict.
And, still, the sturdy burghers will not yield.

They firmly stand as stood our own when braving
The British hosts a century ago;
Not since at Yorktown, where our banners' waving
Marked their defeat have they met such a foe.
But, like a flood resistless, yet, will England
Sweep every barrier of the Free State down
And add it to her ever widening empire—
Another jewel in her splendid crown.

Great nation, from thy distant outposts bringing,
With sound of muffled drum, thy heroes slain,
While bells of victory are softly ringing;
Mar not the honor of a gracious reign
By crushing 'neath thy chariot wheels of progress
The rights of a brave people and their laws;
The world will frown on thee for such ambition,
Will censure thee in such an unjust cause.

Let us not imitate thee in believing
That force of arms will civilize a state;
But, rather, freedom's chaplets quickly weaving
For those bound to us by the ties of fate.
And let us both set wise and fair example,
By which grim war and bitter strife may cease;
That the new century may be illumined
By the bright beams of universal peace.

THE NURSE OF THE RED CROSS.

Only a woman, gray and old,
Laid to rest in the church yard mold.
Her burial robes neither rich nor fine;
But on her breast, 'neath the lid of pine,
Rests a badge more fair than any gem
Set in an Empress' diadem—
The badge of a nurse of the Red Cross
Of whom the world will feel the loss.

For, where were sorrow and distress
There was she to cheer and bless;
Death and disease she did not fear
Nor sound of bullets whistling near.

And where the soldiers' camp fires burned
To them the Red Cross nurses turned;
It made the homesick boy rejoice
To hear again a woman's voice;
And sweeter was the soldier fare
When gentle hands would it prepare.
For those held down by fever's hand—
A helpless, weak and patient band—
'Twas easier, e'en, for them to die
With sorrowing women standing by.

And where the once fair, verdant plain
Was crimsoned by the heroes slain,
And swept o'er by war's fiery breath
And blasted by the touch of Death;
'Mid crash of shells and cannons' roar—
How sweet to see, then, bending o'er
The fallen, a nurse with pitying eyes,
Like an angel come from Paradise;
With healing balm to ease the pain,
With water sweet as Heaven's rain,
Comforting words for the wounded there,
For the dying, earnest, heartfelt prayer.

Out of the North with its ice and snow,
On to the South where the roses blow;
From the peace and calm of the Western Sea,
On where the billows, bold and free,
Of Atlantic's tide will bear them o'er
To the tropic scenes of the Cuban Shore;
Or, called, perchance, to more stirring scenes
Where our banners wave in the Philippines;
Or, where Boer and Briton on Afrie soil
Fill the wide veldt with wild turmoil.

Thus, on they go at Duty's call.
At beds of pain their shadows fall;
On missions of mercy, to and fro,
With willing feet 'round the earth they go,
Until the last call soundeth clear
That came to this one lying here.

Now, some one waits for her coming feet,
Now, some one lists for her accents sweet;
But, only in dreams, will he ever hear
Her footsteps and her words of cheer.

Only in dreams? Who knows, when Sleep
Strews his poppies, and those who keep
Watch with the stars o'er the tented field—
To them no form may be revealed—
But she may come and smooth the hair
From the aching brow of some sleeper there.
It will be known if such things be
When cometh the dawn of Eternity.

THE DIFFERENCE.

From the street take the raggedest beggar,
Long familiar with hunger and cold,
Rude, uncultured in thought and feeling;
Give him houses and lands and gold;
Clothe him richly in purple and linen—
Lo, the chrysalis yields to their sway,
And from manhood despised and rejected
Cometh forth a prince today.

Half a million of gold pieces falleth
At the feet of a woman whose fame
Has been tarnished and seared by her sinning—
None so low but that jest with her name;
She is cleansed by the golden glimmer,
Is made pure by her laces so rare
And forgiven for the costly jewels
Gleaming brightly from bosom and hair.

O'er the way is a woman who toileth
All the year through its sunshine and storm,
Just for bread to keep her from starving,
And for fire just to keep herself warm;
The proud belle whose silk robe she embroiders,
Well may covet so lovely a face,
For, no blossom abloom in the hedgerows
Is endowed with more beauty and grace.

As a spring bubbling deep in the wildwood,
As a star that's unseen at midday,
So is her sinless life all unnoticed
As uncared for she goes on her way.
The gay lady rides by in her carriage,
All the world doffs its cap and bows low,
But it deigns not to notice the other—
She is only a seamstress, you know.

There is many a heart that throbs nobly
Beneath garments not handsome or fine;
There is many a brow that is beaming
With an intellect almost divine
That the world knoweth not neither careth
E'en to enter the place where they dwell,
But clings close to its golden idols
As if bound by some magical spell.

Ah, these idols are often found hidden
In the fairest creations of earth;
Who kneel humbly in houses of worship,
Who dance gaily in places of mirth;
They peer out from the judge's ermine,
They look down from the statesman's proud chair,
And 'mid folds of fair priestly vestments
Do they lurk as if cherished e'en there.

Soft as sound of leaves falling in Autumn
Come the strains of a glad battle hymn;
And, afar, are beheld snow white banners
Waving proudly though distant and dim;
'Tis the hosts of Reform now advancing,
Marching onward with banner and song,
Marching slowly but surely to conquer
And o'erthrow the dark standards of wrong.

Then, no more will Vice sit in high places
While fair Virtue doth toil on in tears;
Then, who weareth the chaplet of honor
Will have won it by deeds worthy the years;

Then, will men learn to smile on true merit
Be it found in a hut or in hall;
As one sky that o'er both bendeth ever,
As one Father, who cares for us all.

LIFE WANDERINGS.

Out upon Life's rushing river,
Drifting with its mighty flow
Onward to the distant ocean;
Whence come murmurs, sad and low,
Telling of waves, wild and free,
Dashing on Eternity.

From the eastward, where the sunlight
Loves to linger on the strand,
Where a sky, forever radiant,
Bends above life's morning land,
Came we, ere had zenith blue
Changed into more dazzling hue.

Naught of that fair land remaineth
To us now but visions dim;
Faded blossoms floating seaward,
Distant music of a hymn,
As unto another isle
We are borne to wait awhile.

Where high cliffs throw out their shadows
Far upon the distant wave;
Where are streamlets circling downward
Only there to find a grave;
Plains where glitter golden harvests,
Trees fulfilling promise fair,
Given when their snowy blossoms
Scattered perfume on the air.
This fruition's rock bound land,
Peopled by a struggling band.

Who here toil, rejoice and sorrow,
Swayed by storms of care and strife,
As they help or as they jostle
In the harvest fields of life;
Reaping, gleanings, filling garner,
Some with chaff and some with grain,
Each one as he used the seed-time,
Bringing sheaves of bliss or pain;
Each one, calm or tempest tossed,
Has a victory won or lost.

Land of mingled shade and sunlight,
Land of deeds and not of dreams,
We have tasted of thy fruitage,
We have drank from out thy streams;
We have gathered in our harvest
And its sheaves we bear from thee,
Sown in trembling, reaped in gladness,
Small and scanty though they be.
Fitting passport may they prove
At the gates of Joy and Love.

Dimly seen near the horizon,
Laved by waters of the stream,
Is a land, upon whose hilltops
Rests the setting sun's last gleam;
Frost and gloom enshroud the valleys
And upon the margin stands
A group of weary, patient watchers,
Waiting there, with folded hands,
For the summons sure to come
That shall bid them hasten home.

But the current bears us swiftly
Past the silent, waiting throng;
Dim and dimmer grows the twilight
As our course we haste along;
Even now, night's jeweled banners
Trail along the western sky
And the spirits of the night time
Whisper as they pass us by;

Near and nearer than before
Sounds the breakers' sullen roar.

Out alone upon the billows,
Tossed by seas of briny foam;
Waves beneath us, darkness 'round us,
Overhead a starless dome;
Wild the raging of the stormwind,
Cold the mists on heart and brow;
He, who careth for the ravens,
Surely will protect us now:
Ruler of the wind and wave,
Thou, and only Thou, can'st save.

Lo, a light breaks through the darkness,
And a glimmering pathway seen,
Leading to a sheltered haven,
Where the waters lie serene;
On the shore there stands a city
Built of jasper, pearl and gold
Where the angels wait to welcome
As the shining gates unfold.
Entering in, our wanderings o'er,
Home at last for evermore!

“GO, YE, WORK TODAY IN MY VINEYARD.”

In sunny vale and on the sloping hill,
Half hidden by the leaves, hung purple grape,
The fairest fruit in all of Palestine.
Each day, since bud and blossom, had soft winds,
From country far around, brought it fresh sweets,
And sun knew naught more fair but kissed its cheeks
Until bright blushes came and blood sped fast.

The vines were weary of their precious freight
And bowed their graceful forms down to the earth
And sighed for grief that this their only pride,
So fresh and fair should yet be burden great.
And nearer still they bowed their heads to dust;
While yet the sound of wine press was not heard,
Nor grape stained hand of maid or child was seen.

Away from city's din and confused sound
Of harp and dance and talk of babbling men,
To peace and calm of shaded field and stream
The Saviour came, with weary, sandaled feet.
Oft had He viewed, from housetop, this fair scene
Of vine-clad hill and cooling rock-girt stream
And He had longed to walk amid them there
And praise His Father's works in all around.

He looks upon the vineyard and beholds
The time of vintage and awaits the sound
Of laborer's feet and cheerful labor song;
But evening comes and still they are not heard,
And vine and fruit seek comfort from the ground,
And give the dust to drink of purple blood,
While shadows longer grow and days is done.

The gracious Master sighs and looks around
Upon the world, His vineyard, all so lovely now
Beneath the light of brightly beaming stars,
And thinks of man, its fruit, divinely wrought
So fair and good, at first, but soon to die
If laborer cometh not to free him from
The dust and blighting influences of sin.

"If one from Heaven's throne, by grief and death,
Can rescue this fair world from utter woe,
Can bid the people drink at founts of life
And cleanse themselves from sin by drops of blood,
Then grief and death will I endure for love;
For, dearer to me than the joys of Heaven
Are the sad dwellers of this lower world.

"Here will I labor for them and among;
Enduring griefs and treading thorny paths
To heal the sick, to cast the shadows from
The darkened eyes, to let sweet sounds again
Fall on the deafened ear, until the time
When crown of thorns be placed upon my head,
And I, atonement make for broken law.

“ 'Tis well to throw new worlds out into space
And people them with creatures who give praise;
But, sweeter is it to redeem one world
From deepest gloom and a Creator's frown
Than call a million into light of day.”
Communing thus, with dew on brow and robe,
He passes onward to th' abodes of men,
While Heaven's lamps shine brightly on His way.

A few in every age have trod the path
Whereon He walked, a few have reaped and plucked
Where He first scattered seed—and all for love—
Love for the gentle Master and, through Him,
For all of the redeemed, but yet there comes,
Adown the steep of years, an echoing wail
Because the needed laborers are so few.

Oh, man, oh, woman, kneeling at the shrines
Of self and ease, go, ye, into the fields
And vineyards fair of life, and toil. There, **thickly**
strewn

By many a reaping since Creation's dawn
Are gleanings rare of precious thought and word;
And, peeping forth from 'mid the vines, such fruit
Of lofty deeds, compared with which all that
Found pleasant will but seem as husks and rind.

God loveth praise; the deep bass of the sea,
The treble of the winds, the chorus sweet of birds,
The voiceless hymns of mount and flower
Blend in harmonious whole for Nature's God.
To man, the more is given, the more required
Than tuneful voice alone and praise with lyre,
But praise with heart and hand, with mind and **might**.

Go, then, today, and work for the world's good;
Raise up the fallen, bind up sorrow's wounds,
Preserve the right and find redress for wrong;
Go at life's morn, go, thou, at manhood's noon,

Go, at the eleventh hour, and though thy sheaf
Be small, thy cup not full, yet will they be
Accepted when thou layest them at His feet,
And morn of a new life shall dawn on thee.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Softly, now, upon the mountains
Of Judea and her fountains
Fall the last rays of the sun;
On the holy temple glancing,
Fitfully on streamlet dancing—
And the winter's day is done.

As the sunset fires are dying,
By their light the birds are flying
Nestward to Gethsemene;
Lighting homeward Jewish maiden
And the fisherman, full laden,
From the shores of Galilee.

Now, the white flocks, all day roaming
O'er the uplands, in the gloaming,
Hasten at the shepherd's call;
Gladly to their folds returning,
Where the torches, dimly burning,
Cast strange shadows on the wall.

Through the gloom are strangers wending
Their way, rugged paths ascending,
Going up to Bethlehem;
Passing, where Ruth, in her beauty,
Once gleaned—where lay David's duty,
Ere King at Jerusalem.

Kinsman to these, who now weary,
Wander through the village dreary,
Sick and cold and most forlorn;
Seeking refuge, but unable
To find shelter, save a stable,
Where to them a child is born.

Yet this helpless little stranger,
Cradled in a rough hewn manger,
Is watched by an angel throng;
Though born in a lowly station
Has been looked for since Creation
Burst into its morning song.

Onward through the night-time speeding,
Neither cold nor darkness heeding,
Come the wise men from afar;
Gifts of gold and spices bringing,
Hearts attuned to seraphs' singing,
Following a wondrous star.

Following with faith and gladness,
Knowing that a world's deep sadness
Disappears within its light;
That unto mankind is given
A Redeemer, who, from Heaven,
Comes to lift the vail of night.

Lo, the star stops, as none other,
Where the young child and his mother
On their humble couches rest:
And they kneel in adoration,
Each one offering an oblation,
Wonder filling every breast.

See the shepherds humbly kneeling,
Mingled awe and hope revealing
In their longing, upward gaze
At the heavenly host appearing,
With glad voices, sweet and cheering,
Singing hymns of joy and praise.

And, today, the world rejoices
With its countless, happy voices,
Like the angels long ago;
For more sweet becomes the story
Of the Christ child and His glory
As the ages onward flow.

CHRISTMAS RHYMES.

There's a garden of roses, so fair, so fair!
 And fairies are scattering the petals where
 Old Santa Claus may think they are snow,
 And, with his reindeer, over them go.
 But he knows their wiles and his reindeer's feet
 Will never be tangled in rose leaves sweet;
 But over the housetops, away, away,
 He beareth his gifts for Christmas day.

* * * *

Scorn not this gift because 'tis small;
 Love is the crowning gift of all;
 And that to thee I bring
 As better offering.

* * * *

Take this soft and snowy thing
 For a Christmas offering;
 May it wipe away no tears
 Through the coming, golden years.

* * * *

Said Mother Goose to Santa Claus:
 "Just give this boy a gift because
 He's been so good throughout the year—
 Has cost me neither sigh nor tear."
 Said Santa Claus to Mother Goose:
 "I'll give him something good for use—
 A blank book—in which, day by day,
 Some wise thought he may store away."

 THE NEW YEAR.

All Hail to the New Year, who weareth a crown,
 Undimmed by the years that have handed it down;
 Who cometh arrayed in the kingliest guise,
 Whose banners float proudly beneath the glad skies;
 The wide earth his kingdom, the Present his throne,
 The Past for his fathers, the Future his own.
 With gladness and cheer let us welcome him in,—
 With hearts full of hope, let the New Year begin.

Let all that would mar this so joyous a day
 From our lives and our minds be cast surely away;
 Let friendships, now severed by deed or by word,
 Again by some kindly emotion be stirred.—
 Whom Fortune doth favor, who beareth her frown,
 Let them at one table together sit down;
 Let nations, long hostile, now reconciled be,
 Let greetings be heard from over the sea;
 Let heart with heart sing "Peace, good will toward
 men"
 And all the world join in a hearty "Amen."

Bells, ring out your merriest peals,
 Winter, break the icy seals
 Stilling voice of laughing rills,
 Sing together, rugged hills,
 Cataract plunge and ocean roar;
 Bird on sea and bird on shore,
 Tune your voices with the breeze;
 Clap your hands, ye ancient trees;
 Making sweetest melody,
 Blending sweetest harmony;
 In full accents, loud and clear,
 Welcoming in the bright New Year.

Nor shall we forget, though gladness may yield,
 The year that was borne on the night's dark shield,
 Away from his scepter and from his throne,
 Out to th' invisible Great Unknown.
 Though hair was well frosted and form was bent,
 There lingered yet traces of grave content
 On the furrowed face that bespoke the rest
 That waited him thither was not unblest.
 With rigid hand grasped he the record plain
 Whereon were the deeds of his mighty reign
 Engraved in imperishable letters bright,
 That tribunes of Heaven may read aright.

Chant dirges for the dead,
 Chant soft and low:—

Wail, wail, ye wintery winds,
O'er wastes of snow.

And though Time hath again set a gem that now gleams
On a brow that with youth and fair hope brightly
beams,

Yet will memory cherish the deeds of the old,
Though fraught with some sorrow and sadness untold.
Not for all did the year weave fair garments of joy,
Not for all were life's blessings unmixed with alloy;
The sweet blossoms of hope that we watched day by
day,

Not all left fair fruit ere they withered away.
Said the year "I'll bring roses to strew o'er thy head",
But the gloom of the cypress was twined 'round in-
stead.

He took the form today we miss,
He sealed the lips we used to kiss;
He sent the little child whose feet
And prattling voice made music sweet,
Away, away, to gather flowers
In Heaven's amaranthine bowers.
God help us all, the year made graves
More deep than 'neath the salt sea waves;
Fair hopes lie buried in graves so deep,
No trump can rouse them from their sleep.

Chant dirges for the dead,
Chant soft and low;—
Wail, wail, ye wintery winds,
O'er wastes of snow.

But turn we from sadness and turn we from gloom
To the future that sparkles with brightness and bloom;
We know, though the past brought some sorrow and
tears,

That joy follows sorrow as years follow years;
Then pile high the grate—we'll make e'en the roof ring
With our laughter, our songs and the chorus we sing;
How fast fly the hours when they're mated with mirth,
And the goddess of Pleasure smiles down on the earth.

And, now, when sighs for the Old Year
Give place to songs of happy cheer,
Do, thou, New Year, while hand be white,
Bestow rich blessings in thy might;
Bid Ceres strew her precious store
Of grain and fruit from shore to shore;
Let Health, with balmy wing, o'erspread
The poor man's cot, the rich man's bed;
Then, wilt thou be of years most blest
Since first the Day sprang from his rest,
And through the sky his chariot rolled
To tincture all the earth with gold.

Spring, for thee, will sing her carols
In the woodland, by the stream,
When the willows wake to listen
And the lilies cease to dream;
Summer will, when earth is fairest,
Bind for thee her golden sheaves;
Autumn send thee loving missives,
Writ on scarlet tinted leaves;
And e'en Winter, though he hoardeth
Well his treasures, rich and rare,
Yet will deck thee with his jewels,
Wrap thee in a mantle fair.

Thus, each season will a tribute,
Best and brightest of its prime,
Give thee, leaflet, thou, from ages,
Onward borne by breath of Time;
Bringing us some joyous moments,
Lent from Heaven a little while;—
Further what thou'lt bring we know not,
Whether Fortune's frown or smile.

COMING HOME FOR HOLIDAYS.

They are coming back from college,
University and sem',
Weary of the quest for knowledge;—
Liberty and home for them.

And the stately halls of learning
Are deserted through the land,
With the students' home returning,
A care free and joyous band.

They are coming, they will rally
As invincible as Hun,
Sweeping through the Tuscan valley,
Contest with the legions won.
Every household they will capture
Where was held a place before—
Every heart will thrill with rapture,
When are heard the tones of yore.

Grace will be in parlor singing,
Jack will play the violin;—
Mirth and music they are bringing
To each home they enter in.
Oh, the house was still and dreary
With the young folks all away;
Now, it will be bright and cheery
Through each precious holiday.

Lay the cloth and bring the flowers
And the dainties loved the best;
Pleasure should fill all the hours
For each dear and welcome guest.
They must feel no touch of sorrow,
Whether to a cot or hall
They are speeding—but each morrow
Be the fairest one of all.

That, although, by high endeavor,
Fame and fortune shed their rays,
Memory's brightest picture ever—
Coming home for holidays.

N. E. A. GREETING.

The July sun shines hotly
Where the temples of learning stand,
Like mute sentinels on duty,
Through the length and breadth of the land;

By the Atlantic's sounding waters,
By the Mississippi's stream,
Where the Great Lakes form a border,
Where the Gulf's waves dash and gleam.

Whether stately pile in city,
Or rude structure in the dell,
On the teacher's desk lie dust notes,
Cobwebs gather within the bell:
For the lessons are said—and vanished
Has each pupil and book from the scene
On the wave of a blithe vacation,
With no duties to intervene.

Now, no longer, through western window,
Fall the slanting rays of the sun
On the bowed head of the teacher,
For the work of the year is done;—
Of translation and puzzling problem,
Of encouraging May and John
Up the rugged steep of knowledge,
By wise precepts spurring them on.

There had come a white note fluttering,
Like a dove, to each schoolroom door—
Information gracefully worded,
That on the continent's western shore
Stands the City of the Angels
That is chosen the Mecca fair
For the hosts of pilgrim teachers
Who would meet in convention there.

So, o'er dale and glen and mountain,
Over desert, hill and plain;—
Many the gleaming milestones
You have passed this point to gain.
May your weariness be forgotten
In the welcome, cordial and free,
That is given you by the people
Who dwell here by the sunset sea.

In this lovely spot whose breezes
Are perfumed by countless flowers;
Where no Storm King wields his scepter,
May you pass delightful hours.
You will find more scenes of beauty
Than in Greece or in Italy—
Rome is less fair on her seven hills
Than is this on her seventy.

You will list to the voice of the ocean,
You will stand by its foaming tide,
You will watch the rose and the purple
Fade away from the mountain side;
You will hear the mission bells ringing,
Ringing solemn and sweet and slow,
In each cadence half revealing
The dim secrets of long ago.

Highest honor it is to meet you
Here within our own gates today;—
Fitting scenes 'mid which to greet you,
Here where Nature doth smile away;
Educators of a great nation,
Who, 'neath Truth's white banner unfurled,
Make it yours the lofty mission
Thus to teach and bless the world.

A LULLABY.

Lullaby, baby, take thy rest,
Folded close to thy mother's breast;
The mother bird to her nest has flown
In the high tree-tops wild and lone,
And the night is dark and still,
And the night is dark and still.

Lullaby, baby, rest and sleep,
All harm will mother from thee keep;
Would that these arms could ever be
A loving refuge unto thee
When the night is dark and still,
When the night is dark and still.

The years will come, the years will go;
Out of childhood thou wilt grow;
Other babes will take their rest
Folded close to the mother breast;
Other birds to their nests will fly
In the lone tree tops, wild and high,
And the night be dark and still,
And the night be dark and still.

TO E. R. H. ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY.

One morning, when the elocks were striking seven,
A bundle fell into my arms from Heaven;
Within whose folds, contented, snug and warm,
Reposed an infant, fair of face and form.
So small and helpless, yet, instinct with life:—
What was its mission in this world of strife?
What had it come to do in this rough land,
So full of toil, with such a tiny hand?
So like a feeble, fluttering, snow white dove,—
My heart went out to it in tenderest love;

And as I pressed it to my grateful breast,
One wish alone my anxious soul possessed,—
One prayer arose—a sincere, heartfelt prayer—
That the Creator would my own life spare
To share with it its early pilgrimage,
My arms to shield it and its griefs assuage.
And the Great Father in His high place heard
The silent wish, the softly spoken word;
And, for some hidden purpose all His own,
He granted wish and prayer, as yet unknown.

So we began our journey through the years
With many blessings, little cause for tears.
At first, I bore it all day in my arms—
My timid heart was full of strange alarms,
Lest deadly serpent hiss within the path,
Or some wild beast spring on us in fierce wrath,

Or some great bird, low hovering in the sky,
Should suddenly swoop down with dreadful cry.
And there was food to seek and shelter find
Ere day should sink the western hills behind.

How glad, when by my side, it learned to walk,
How sweet the music of its childish talk!
And, like a bud unfolding, day by day,
So did its life unfold upon the way.
When we grew weary, then we sought the shade
Of spreading tree within some forest glade
And listened to the notes of bird and bee,
The chant of winds, the brook's low melody;
And there I told him tales of beasts and men,
And read him books of song and fable, then
Refreshed, we went upon our way again.

Inns, shrines and churches we would often pass
And many graves among the wayside grass;
Where, 'neath the drooping branches of the trees,
Reclined the forms of Famine and Disease;
And as we passed each gaunt and spectral band
More closely still I held my loved one's hand.
And there were monuments, where many a name
Shone bright of those who had won deathless fame
On battle fields and in the halls of state—
The brave, the wise, the good the world called great.
I noted, then, the child best loved to hear
Of those who died for sake of country dear.
And when we heard the church bell's tuneful calls
To come and worship in its sacred walls,
And, through the trees, caught glimpses of the spire,
That seemed to point to better world and higher,
We hastened to the spot, where hymns of praise
Made light the sorrows of the previous days.

Before the shrines were votive offerings
Of many beautiful and precious things;
Great heaps of yellow gold and lustrous gems,
That once had gleamed in kingly diadems:

And swords that flashed in time of the Crusades,
But, now, the rust lay thick upon their blades;
And tattered flags, that had, in many a field,
Been borne aloft by those who would not yield:
An ermine mantle and some rings of gold
That could have melancholy story told;
And laurel wreaths and roses, white and red,
That had, long since, their fragrant beauty shed.
And, oft, the pavement was well worn by these
Who here had worshiped on their bended knees.

Some shrines were broken and the lizard slept
Where once kneeled prince, who solemn vow had kept.
At sight of these, the child, in mute surprise,
Would look at me with eager, questioning eyes,
As if it would interpret from my face
The mysteries and wonders of each place.—
In simplest words would say that pride and power
Are but the frail possessions of an hour;
That they who worship ever at their shrine
Do not fulfill their Maker's wise design;
That fitter offering and the better part
Is humble spirit and a contrite heart.

And, sometimes, when the night was falling fast ,
And winds blew chill and sky was overcast,
We stood before an inn whose windows gleamed
With ruddy light that on the highway streamed;
But clink of glasses and the mocking song
That won applause from the wild, reckless throng,
Would send us farther through the cold night air,
Preferring that to rest and shelter there.
And, sometimes, when half famished and footsore
We stood before an open, guarded door,
Beyond which lay a vista of fair rooms,
With tables set with crystal and rich blooms—
And craved admittance, they scarcely restrained
Their laughter that one poor and travel stained,
Alone and unattended, should aspire
To entertainment that the rich desire.

But, oftener, the doors were opened wide,
With comfort and good cheer on every side;
While smiling welcome and the kindly tone
Proved that their care was not for gold alone.
And in some pleasant arbor we would rest
And watch the evening star sink in the west,
And listen to the chirp of tired bird
And rustle of the leaves by night wind stirred.
Or, if the Storm King raged high overhead,
We sat by hearthstone where the coals glowed red,
And talked of the past day—its joys and ills—
And of the morn when Dawn should touch the hills.

And rosy childhood changed to sturdy youth;
More eager grew the search for grains of Truth;
And still more sweet and deeper was each draught
From Learning's varied rills and fountains quaffed:
Until of milestones reached are twenty-one, —
Each one a year—sometimes 'neath Summer's sun,
Sometimes when Autumn painted landscape bright,
Or Winter howled, or crocus brought delight.

Today, from manhood's mount, on which you stand,
You look out o'er a broad and pleasant land,
Beneath a bright but ever changing sky—
Where mountains lift their purple peaks on high;
Where forests wave, where fields of green and gold
And gardens fair their loveliness unfold;
Among which glide great rivers to the wave,
Beside the blossoming trees whose roots they lave;
Where castle on the hill and cot in glen
Show the abodes of proud and humble men.—
A goodly land of deep and fertile soil
Where wealth and honor wait for those who toil.

And through this land your pathway shineth clear—
And joyous voices, calling, you can hear.
By lofty purposes you will be led;
The bow of promise bends above your head;
And Pleasure, singing measures low and sweet,
Will fling her garlands at your passing feet.

But, more completely will heart strings be stirred
By Reason's and stern Duty's every word;
Obey their voices for their works endure;
As in your boyhood, so keep manhood pure;
Shun not the Earth's high places if the goal
Can be but reached with an unspotted soul.

May best and brightest of your childhood dreams
Be realized by manhood's deeper streams.
With faith and hope and courage may you blend
The precepts of your comforter and friend,
Who, now, will soon your onward pathway leave;—
O'er the inevitable do not grieve.
But ne'er forget when your heart beats are slow
And dimmer seems the way on which you go,
That, at some window in eternity,
She waits and watches, looking out for thee.

AFTERNOON.

The sun has passed the zenith and is speeding
Adown its glittering pathway to the West.
Yet Nature's heart is joyous, all unheeding
The gloom that soon shall settle on her breast.
The stream glides, sparkling, onward to the ocean,
The plain smiles in its tints of brown and gold,
The mighty hills look upward in devotion,
The forest chants its hymns of joy untold.

The morn was rich in promise and in fragrance,
When flowers nodded welcome to the day;
The noontide filled the earth with dazzling radiance
And turned the weary traveler from his way.
This afternoon, the shadows softly stealing
O'er hill and wold, remind us of the flow
Of day's bright hours and in their stead revealing
That luminous calm preceding twilight's glow.

When, on the valley and the distant mountains,
A light more fair than of the noontide falls;

As Day sends forth unto the gleaming fountains
Farewell, and from the purpling distance calls
The meadow lark and the mocking bird's sweet trilling,
From out the thicket, sounds a sweet refrain;—
Melodious measures the vast silence filling,
When gathering gloom brings thoughts akin to pain.

As down the vista of long years the vision
Of radiant youth smiles backward to our gaze;
Once more the sun smiles on the fields elysian,
Once more doth rosy June greet perfect days.
But, ah, how soon departs the sweet illusion,
The roses wither and the sun sinks low;
Time waits on us—he heeds not the intrusion—
But fashions for our foreheads wreaths of snow.

We, of the afternoon, see disappearing
Our life's fair sun adown the western slope;
Dim echoes of sweet voices we are hearing
Of those who've trod the beaten path that Hope
And Faith illumine—the afterglow alluring
From the burdens of the day, its heat and glare,
To follow that same path to peace enduring,
Beyond the gates of pearl, forever fair.

THE DYING CHIEF.

He had climbed the heights of fame,
That sufferer there;
He had won a glorious name,
And a prayer
Rises from the nation's heart,
From each eye the teardrops start,
As the cross, with failing breath,
He bears through the vale of death:
“Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!”

Mighty Chieftain, brought so low
By hand of fate;
Having all earth could bestow,
Yet, desolate.
In the blow that life has riven,
Seeing only mercy given.
Who knows but that he can see
Old time visions at the knee
Of her, who, in childhood days,
Chanted with him hymns of praise?
"Yet in my dreams I'd be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

Noble spirit, all thy power,
In the gloom
Of the slowly passing hour,
Lights but a tomb.
Brave upon the battle plain,
Brave upon thy bed of pain;
Future page of history
Will show forth thy loyalty:
"So by my woes, to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

"Wanderer, with sun gone down,"
"Thy rest a stone;"
Sorrow now thy only crown;
With Death alone.
Even yet would "Bethel raise,"
Seeing love in all God's ways.
"Steps to Heaven" now appear,
Heavenly music greets the ear:
"Angels to beekon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

In memory of the Author of "The Stranded Bugle."

IF WE HAD KNOWN.

If we had known of all the heavy burdens
That weighed him down through the slow passing
years;
If we had known of that deep sea of trouble
Where hopes went down with all that the heart
cheers;
If we had read aright the look of sadness
That dimmed the brightness of his tearless eye,—
And spoken words of well earned praise and gladness,
Death might have passed him by.

We knew the worth of that unselfish manhood,
His lofty purposes, his noble zeal;
His loving kindness to the inner circle,
His deep devotion to the public weal;
With hand and voice and pen he toiled for others,
Some good in everything he could descry;—
Had he been cheered, as was his due, by brothers,
Death might have passed him by.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" comes the question—
We would not weave fresh thorns in sorrow's
crown—
But we are too intent on earthly planning,
Too busy planting and in tearing down
To build more splendidly, to note the beauty
Or cloud in face of either friend or sky;—
Perchance, if we had done our fullest duty,
Death might have passed him by.

The way was rough and long and he was weary.
His burden heavy and his heart oppressed;
No cheerful lights gleamed for him in the distance—
The shadows brooded heavily and he would rest.
With senses lulled, as if, by bugle blowing
A summons, sweet and faint, from some far shore,
He sank beside Oblivion's sweet waters—
Upon the sands to sleep and wake no more.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

J. L. S. 1828-1905.

"I come, I come, ye are calling me
 Across a restless, mighty sea;
 My spirit breaks from its bars of clay;
 Your call, oh, loved ones, I obey."

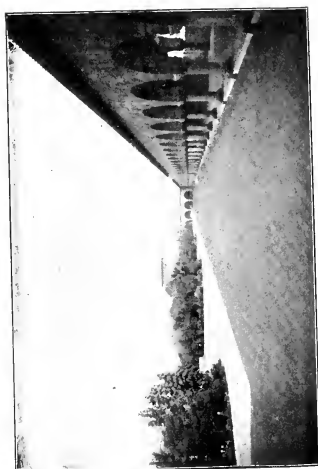
And who can picture the joy and cheer
 Of that meeting in a fairer sphere?

They bore her form to the shores of home,
 Nor paused beneath a city dome,
 But, by rich gardens and fields of green,
 They bore her on until was seen
 The spot where Stanford's stately towers
 Keep watch o'er its arcades and bowers;
 And she was laid for a brief rest
 'Neath the roof of the home she loved the best.
 To rest in a dear, familiar room,
 Whose air was sweet with the fragrant bloom,
 Borne on a snowy, blossoming tide
 From city and hamlet, far and wide,
 For her, in loving memory twined,
 In whom was every grace enshrined.

* * * * *

The winds in the arboretum sigh
 As the funeral cortege passes by;
 There are sighs and tears where the mourners meet,
 As her favorite hymns rise clear and sweet
 And the organ's rich tones fill the place—
 A wondrous temple of beauty and grace—
 Whose treasures of art like jewels gleam,
 Enriched by that Pactolian stream,
 Turned by its founders to wend its way
 Amid the arches, yesterday,
 Today and on to the end of time,
 To foster science and art sublime.

For the gentle giver, oblivion,
 As the last journey is begun.—



Oh, she had journeyed in distant lands,
In the Orient, on England's strands;
But ne'er so far that on her ear
Fell not the sweet chimes ringing here;
And ne'er so far she could not see
The red roofs rise in their majesty
O'er the great school she loved so well;
And wheresoever she might dwell,
Her longing was the rest to share
Of her loved ones 'neath their shadow there.

Then open wide the tomb of stone,
For a weary woman comes to her own;
And lay her down, where she longed to be,
To sleep till the dawn of eternity.

But, ere the marble lid is pressed
Above her cold and pulseless breast,
Oh, student band, your voices raise
And sing your Alma Mater's praise;
Sing, that the music of each note
Will in the mausoleum float
And hover o'er the illustrious three,
Who left so rich a legacy:
And, floating on o'er arch and vale,
Be blended with "Hail, Stanford, Hail",—
A last farewell strain from Time's shore,
As the lid falls forevermore:
And with her dear ones left to sleep
As long as the stars their vigils keep.

Although so near, she may not know
Of the young lives that come and go;
She may not heed voices that sing,
Or flowers that grateful hands will bring,
The happy laugh, the cheery call
Resounding through each lofty hall,—
Or, may she not, in clearer dawn,
Perceive her noble work go on;
The drinking deep at founts of Truth,
The fulfilled hopes of ardent youth,

Who goeth forth to serve his race
That other one may take his place?
Thus ever widening means of good;—
A strong and noble brotherhood
Controlling countless destinies
Through the slow, passing centuries;
Uprearing monument, whose fame
Established in the Stanford name,
Will ever steadily arise;
Whose pinnacle, above the skies,
Above the stars, will illumed be
By the light of immortality.

A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES.

Nursery of youthful dreams,
Where the yellow sunlight streams
On the fields and quiet ways,
Trodden oft in childhood days;
Long an exile from thy soil,
Yet, in all of life's turmoil,
Loyal has been thought to thee—
Fair thy scenes in memory.

Thoughts of thee when early spring
Gives a fragrant offering
Of wee flowers of dainty grace,
Blooming in some sheltered place;
When the woodland rings with glee—
Song of bird and hum of bee
Filling all the balmy air.
Life and growth are everywhere,
As the trees their leaves unfold
And the buttercups their gold.
In the forest aisles there pass
Shadows o'er the springing grass,
Where the wild plum shows its bloom
And the spicewood sheds perfume.

By the farm house door are set
Daffodil and violet.
But the flowers of all most fair
Are the apple blossoms there,
As their petals slowly fall,
Drifting by the garden wall.
While, beyond, the blades of corn
Sparkle in the dewy morn;
And the creek, in shade and sheen,
Creeps the woods and fields between.

Thoughts of thee when cometh June—
Brook and breeze are then in tune.
There are roses on her breast,
Roses in her hands are pressed.
O'er her bends a perfect sky
As she goeth quickly by;
In the imprints of her feet
Leaving blossoms fair and sweet.

Thoughts of mingled joy and pride
Of vast fields on every side,
Where the golden harvests gleam
From blue lake to border stream.
See the reaper, to and fro,
Over cloth of gold now go;
Reaping where he once had sown
With a patience all his own;
Seeking not, nor finding rest,
Till within the jeweled west,
Colors flash and fade and die
And the night wind passes by.
Though to win the golden prize
He must toil 'neath burning skies;
Berries ripen in each nook,
Sweet the draught of crystal brook,
And the wind that lightly blows
Through the rustling cornfield rows,
Waving tasseled plume and leaf,
Will afford him sweet relief.

What we to these toilers owe
We may never fully know.
From the hardy pioneer,
Who, as in a vision clear,
Saw a young and growing state,
Destined, in time, to be great.
'Neath his stroke the forest fell,
Where he built his cabin well,
Knowing of the Indian's dart
And his bold and treacherous heart;
Fenced his fields with hard won rails,
Highways made from Indian trails,
And, upon them, to and fro,
Journeyed with his oxen slow,
Feeling rich that he possessed
Creatures to do his behest;
Orchards planted and the vine,
Rose tree and the eglantine.
Forest changed to peopled plain,
Swamp to fields of waving grain;
And farm house and city dome
Rose, then, for the settlers' home.

But the noblest structure laid
Was beneath the roof tree's shade,
Where, instilled in minds of youth,
Were the principles of truth,
Courage, faith and energy,
And the love of liberty.

Not alone on men of brawn
Rests a state its hopes upon.
Whiter though, of hand and brow,
Than the man who holds the plow,
Is he, using mental powers
Through a student's weary hours.
Knoweth he of joy and pain,
Triumph sweet and toil in vain;—
Statesman, planning, framing laws
To promote a people's cause,

Writer of the storied page,
Coining thought for future age;
These, with added moral health,
Help make great a Commonwealth.

Oh, the glorious Autumn time!
Who would dally with a rhyme,
When on Nature one can look
As upon an open book,
Reading on each rock and tree
Earth's sublimest poesy?
Some there are who love a shore
Like bold, sullen Labrador;
Some the calm of tropic seas
Or where winds sigh through palm trees;
Others scenes in distant land,
Where old castles proudly stand;
But we would, in fancy, turn
Where the maples seem to burn
On the slopes, while down below
The waters of the Wabash flow.
There is found the golden rod,
Black-eyed Susans gaily nod,
And the sumach scarlet glows
Like the heart of summer rose.

The corn shocks of generous yield
Stand like tents upon the field,
Dotted with great, golden spheres,
The first fruit of the pioneers;
Mellow apples from boughs hang,
In the air there is a tang
Of the woods, that stand serene,
Like ten thousand rainbows seen,
Robed in gorgeous coloring—
Rich enough for prince or king—
Who, ne'er 'mid such pomp was crowned.
Nuts fall on the leaf strewn ground;
Where, to gather them, come out
Children, with a merry shout;

How their voices, sweet and clear,
Fall, like music, on the ear!

Is it the first snow or tears
Hiding scenes of other years?
Softly, softly, the flakes fall,
Covering, as with a pall,
All that was most fair from sight—
All that soothed or gave delight;
Hushed the tones of wood and hill,
As if whispered "Peace, be still,"
Had been spoken on the earth,
Checking sounds of joy and mirth.

But the blue smoke, curling high,
Seems a phantom in the sky;
As around the bright fireside
There have met, from far and wide,
Groups of loved ones, young and old,
Whom fond, welcoming arms enfold.
There is many a kindly voice
Bidding weary hearts rejoice
And give thanks for garnered store,
And that the year's toil is o'er.
What though trees their branches toss,
Snow laden, window panes across;
And the wild winds loudly shriek
Through night's caverns, bare and bleak;
There is laughter in the hall,
Firelight flashes on the wall,
Lovelight gleameth in their eyes,—
Love for love, life's greatest prize.
Love so lasting and so deep,
Bearing one where kindred sleep
In the darkness and the gloom
And the silence of the tomb.
Over them the night winds blow,
Over them is wreathed the snow;
But they little heed or care
Whether snow or blossom there.

Dear friends, in the warmth and light,
Dear friends, outside in the night,
Though far distant now we be,
Near ye are in memory;
And the scenes of youthful dreams,
Where the snow's white mantle gleams
On the fields and quiet ways,
Trodden oft in childhood days.

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